

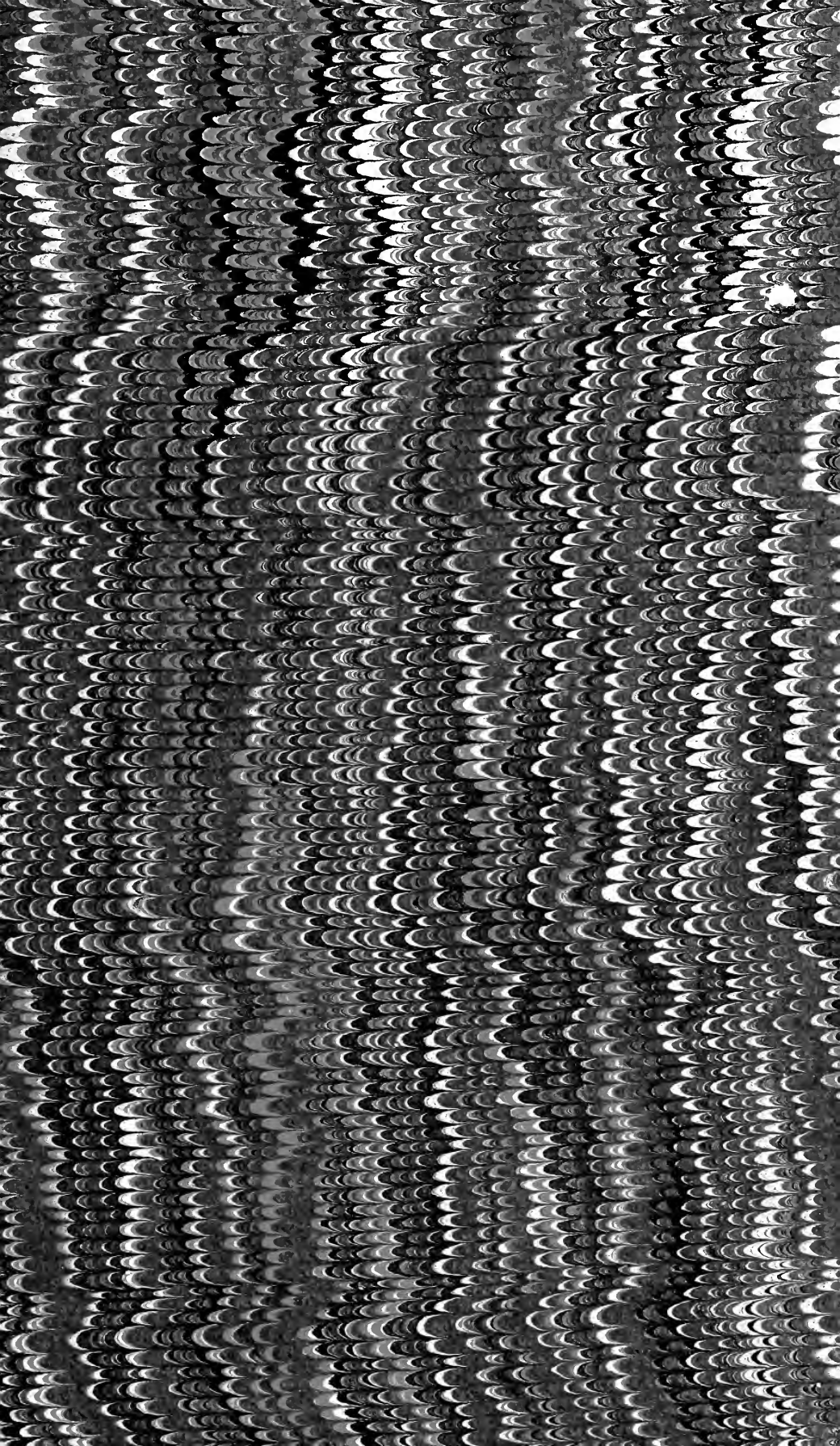


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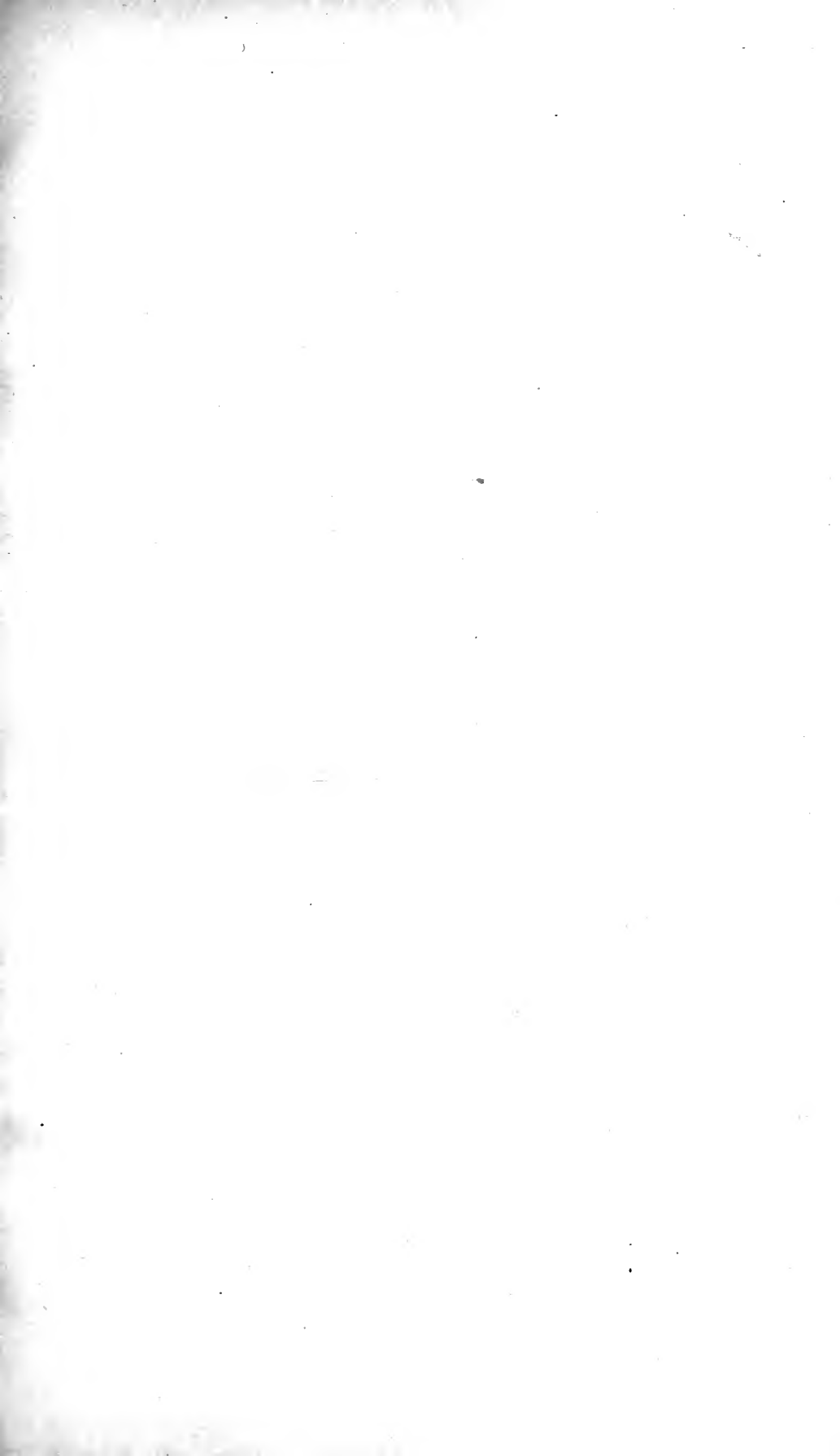
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# THE MONTANINI

A COMEDY

BEING IN CONTINUATION OF THE  
FOURTH VOLUME OF THE DRAMATIC SERIES

BY

LAUGHTON OSBORN



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MDCCCLXVIII

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THE MONTANINI<sup>1</sup>

MDCCCLVI

## CHARACTERS, ETC.

CARLO DI TOMMA'SO MONTANINO,<sup>2</sup> } *Young nobles*  
IPPOL'ITO DE' SALIMBENI,<sup>3</sup> } *of rival families.*  
GAS'PARO BECCARI, *one of the Nine Magistrates of the City.*  
GIAC'OMO GRADENATA, *a citizen of honorable but decayed family.*

GIANNI, *aged servant of Carlo.*  
ANTONELLO, *servant of Ippolito.*  
*Captain of Sbirri.*

ANGELICA, *Carlo's sister.*  
CORNELIA, *Ippolito's sister.*  
DOMICILLA, *his maiden aunt.*  
CAMILLA VOLPICINA<sup>4</sup>, *a widow, sister of Giacomo.*  
BARBARA, *Angelica's maid.*

*Mute Persons.*

SBIRRI. A JAILER.

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SCENE. *In Siena, in the Y. 1322.*

# THE MONTANINI

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## ACT THE FIRST

### SCENE I. *In the Palazzo Montanini.*

CARLO. ANGELICA. BECCARI.

*Carlo.* I have said enough, Ser Gasparo Beccari.<sup>5</sup>

You cannot have the farm.

*Becc.* Well, make it ten.

A thousand golden florins is a price

None but myself would offer. Need I say,

'Tis solely that our two estates adjoin,

I bid so largely?

*Carlo.* But you bid in vain:

It is my sole possession, save this house.

And knowing this much I wonder you should strive

To oust me from it.

*Becc.* Messer Montanino,

You will perhaps not easily lend belief,  
That I, of the vulgar people who have driven  
Your overbearing order from the State,  
And who, being of the people, have been made  
One of their magistrates, thus bound to see  
That such of you as we suffer to remain  
Lift not their heads in the city, to o'erride it  
And bring again the rule of noble blood  
And servile vassalage of poor to rich;—  
You 'll not believe that I, being such, should feel —  
I weary you perhaps, or chafe?

*Carlo.* Not either.

My humble fortune teaches me to bear;  
Nor was I born impatient.

*Becc.* That, I say,  
Being what I am, I have charity for you  
A noble of old blood, you will not credit.  
But I am Christian more than in my faith,  
And hold all men my brothers. When I think  
How great your sires, how wealthy, and how proud,  
Whose arms are everywhere — on palace-gate  
And castle-tower, yet all of which have pass'd  
To other, and to mostly meaner hands,  
As you would deem them —

*Carlo.* 'Twas my sires' own fault.

*Becc.* Truly. They wasted upon private feuds  
The blood and treasure should have serv'd the State.

*Carlo.* Pass over that. You do not keep me here  
To tell me that my ancestors were fools?

*Becc.* I do not keep you here, I hope, at all.  
That I am come, is even for what I said.  
Shall I have license to explain myself?  
When I consider all your glorious past,  
And see what you are now: these palace-walls,  
Wherein might dwell a hundred cavaliers  
Nor yet be crowded, cheerless now and bare,  
Without perhaps one chamber meetly furnish'd  
For such a presence as your lady-sister's —

*[his eyes, which have glanced around the room with  
half-covert mockery, now resting with open admira-  
tion on Angelica.]*

*Carlo.* Messer Beccari! does your Christian heart  
Bid you insult my —

*Becc.* Poverty? Now Heaven  
Give you more insight, and make known your friends!  
My Christian heart, Messere Montanino,  
Bids me have pity both of you and yours.  
I find you living in this stately house  
Straighten'd by indigence, with means sufficient  
Scarcely to keep yourselves, and one small maid,  
And an old porter, safe from winter's cold.  
I offer for your farm a liberal price,  
Which properly invested would enlarge  
Your narrow income: and to show I act  
With a pure sympathy for you, and yours,  
*[looking again at Angelica.]*  
Make now the ten twelve hundred. If the farm  
Is pretty, it is small.

*Carlo.* But large enough,  
To give me here that living which, if mean,  
I not complain of, certainly not to you.  
Messer Beccari, it may be — I hope  
Truly it is — that you are well my friend.  
So rest: but give me leave to plainly tell you,  
My enemy Salimbene would not speak  
With such disparagement. If my fallen estate  
Touch you with sympathy, keep it in your breast.  
'T is friendship to alleviate distress;  
But to remind the sufferer of his wo  
Looks more like malice.

*Becc.* Heaven is my judge,  
I meant it well. I pray you be not blind.  
For your sweet sister's sake, subdue this pride.  
Will you not make provision for a future  
So rich in promise, as hers must be whose present  
Is full of grace? [*again looking admiringly on Angelica.*

*Carlo.* [*with some asperity, but without passion.*

Ser Gasparo Beccari,  
You can, I think, find out your way alone.  
I have but one male servant, as you said,  
And he is old.

*With a slight and distant inclination, but without  
disdain, CARLO, putting through his own the  
arm of ANGELICA, who, for the greater  
part of the dialogue, has stood lean-  
ing with her left hand on Carlo's  
right shoulder, leads her out.*



---

*Becc.* [with a low, but deep utterance.

The devil take thy pride,  
Thou last green scion of a blasted tree! —  
But she! How dark this desolate house appears  
Now she is vanish'd! With what grace she lean'd  
On her stiff brother! Not the fairest form  
Of all the yellow marbles of old Greece,  
Not the most delicate of the dainty Three  
Men call the Graces, which my father's day  
Saw disinterr'd where stand the Duomo's walls,<sup>6</sup>  
Has such an attitude. Ah! could I gain her!  
And ruin him! — Perhaps, to ruin him  
Would be to gain her. She adores the beggar,  
And would do aught to save him. — Let me think.  
[Exit—pensively.

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SCENE II.

*In the house of Giacomo.*

GIACOMO. CAMILLA.

*Giac.* Yes, that I do! By Paul! I doubt him much.  
Beccari is but fooling thee.

*Camil.* Fooling me?

*Giac.* Yea, thee, Camilla Widow Volpicina.

Is that impossible, I should like to know ?

*Camil.* Giacomo Bachelor Gradenata, ay ;

If that thou mean'st that Gasparo Beccari,  
Were he twice the man he is, could cozen me,  
And I not know it. But thou dost him wrong.

He loves me, and —

*Giac.* Why don't he wed thee then ?

Since he first woo'd thee, it is now two years.

He does not wait for either to grow old.

*Camil.* No, nor grow young : we both are young enough,

And can afford to dally. 'Tis so sweet

The hour of courtship that I wonder not

Men should prolong it ; and for me, I care not

To hasten on the time when I must cease

To rule as mistress and be rul'd as slave.

*Giac.* That 's talk for a widow, now ! By holy Paul !

I don't believe a word of it ! Tell me truly ;

Dost thou love Gasparo then ?

*Camil.* My brother, yes.

Else would I wed him ?

*Giac.* [*laughing harshly.*

What a fox thou art !

But I am not a goose. A loving widow,

And like long courtships ! Thou 'rt a jet-black swan.

Dost thou forget, my sentimental sister,

That we are poor, and Gasparo the rich

May fancy some one who is more his mate ?

He 's a republican, and upholds, thou knowest,

A pure equality.

*Camil.* Sorrow on thy jests !

They are like the eye of a serpent : and thy laugh  
Is pleasant as its hiss.

*Giac.* Meek-thoughted sister !

*Camil.* Thou art a friend of Gasparo's. —

*Giac.* Ay, his friend.

And he is mine : I use him. But I do

Distrust him damnably. I wish he 'd wed thee.

*Camil.* And so he will. What is the match to thee ?

*Giac.* 'Twould leave one weight the less upon my mind,

And make at least one Gradenata rich.

Thou knowest thy charms : it is not I, that bill

And coo with Gasparo : but he 'll jilt thee, see !

For thou art poor.

*Camil.* And he is rich for both.

Besides, I bring him what he lacks.

*Giac.* What 's that ?

Long hair and beardless lips ?

*Camil.* What most he prizes :

Good birth and stainless lineage. If I stoop'd

To wed the notary Batto Volpicina,

I shall not raise the Gradenate high

By looking on a butcher's son.

*Giac.* He 's here.

*Enter BECCARI.*

*Becc.* What, my fair Volscian, though not Dian's nymph. ?

*He takes her hand, though somewhat constrainedly.*

*Camil.* [*As he holds her hands,*  
*looking intently in his eyes. (He looks aside.)*  
 I am glad to see thee, Gasparo; but I fear,  
 Thou art not well to-day.

*Becc.* Why so? Not well?

*Camil.* Or art not glad to see me in thy turn.

*Becc.* Poh, child! that is but fancy. Yet I am  
 In sooth disturb'd: a slight affair gone wrong —  
 The business of the State —

*[looks at Giacomo significantly, then at Camilla,  
 and at the door (not unobserved by Camilla).*

Thy brother and I

Will talk it over.

*Giac.* Camilla, for awhile,

Leave us alone.

*Camil.* I hope thy brow will clear  
 By my return, dear Gasparo; but methinks  
 Thou'lt find poor help for business of the State  
 In Giacomo's unus'd brain. [*going up.*

*Becc.* O, 'tis not much —

A small affair, I said. [*Exit Camil. by a door above — turn-  
 ing round and smiling on Becc. as she disappears.*

BECCARI and GIACOMO bring down chairs.

[*First looking round at the door.*] How goes it with thee?

Has thy luck turn'd, my friend?

*Giac.* By Bacchus! no!

I'm devilishly us'd up. I hope, Beccari,  
 Thou wilt not soon be asking for thy gold?

*Becc.* No, I would rather lend thee twice as much,  
So thou might'st win that back. But truly, Giacomo,  
Thou'rt a sad spendthrift; and I dread to think,  
What with thy dice and women, thou mayst come  
One day to ruin.

*Giac.* No, I know my verge:  
I shall stop short of it. But 'tis not spending  
Too fast or much, but little, keeps me down.  
Just when my luck is turning, lo, I stop!  
For want of more to venture. Cursed fate!

*Becc.* What was thy last loss?

*Giac.* Five and twenty florins.  
Pio Birban'te offer'd me revenge.

I could not take it; and he laugh'd, pest on him!

*Becc.* Thou think'st thou couldst have won again?

*Giac.* Am sure.  
Thus stood the game: I'll show thee how. —  
*Becc.* No matter.

Thou'dst like again to venture?\*

*Giac.* But I shame  
Again to ask thee, Gasparo.

*Becc.* Poh! shame not.  
Shall we not soon be brothers? Let me see.  
Now, I will venture four times twenty-five,  
And double that, so thou wilt do for me  
Something in turn.

*Giac.* [*suspiciously.*  
Eh! 'T is some mischief.

*Becc.* Fi!

Thy old distrust! How prompt thou art to borrow,  
But slow to lend!

*Giac.* [*starting up.*<sup>9</sup>

Come, Gasparo Beccari,

This is too much! I am not, man, thy slave.

*Becc.* No, but thou art thy passions'. Look thou now!

What a poor wayward, tetchy thing thou art!

Suspecting me; but, when I in return

Tax thee with scanty kindness —

*Giac.* By St. John!

Thou didst reproach me — Blisters on my tongue!

I shame to mention it.

*Becc.* Thou hast no cause.

Come, set thee down. I say — thou hast no cause.<sup>10</sup>

I had no thought of money. And if I had,

Are we not brothers? Thou wouldst do for me

As much, were my lot thine. I wish it were.<sup>11</sup>

*Giac.* Well, that is kindly. I will take thy offer.

I'll try my luck once more, and then leave off

When I have won enough.

*Becc.* Why, that is wise.

*Giac.* [*again suspiciously.*

Thou mockest.

*Becc.* On my soul! — But only try

Largely. I'll back thee, till thou hast made thyself.

*Giac.* Wilt thou? [*seizing his hand.*

That's brave! But what is to be done?

By Jupiter! this much will call for much,

Or I mistake thee. 'T is the state-affair;

Eh, my Beccari?

*Becc.* Psha! that was a blind.

Camilla has sharp eyes.<sup>12</sup>

Thou knowest, I think,

How I have long'd to buy that little farm

In the sweet vale of Strove, next my own.

The beggar Montanino —

*Giac.* Speak more low;

Camilla has quick ears.<sup>13</sup>

*Becc.* 'T is well reminded.

What was that noise? Come out, to the open air.

Close walls are not for secrets. [*Exit, leading out Giac.*

*Camil.* [*coming in from the door.*

Say'st thou so?

Why so it is then. Thou hast stopp'd my ears.

I hardly think thou 'lt put out both my eyes.

One is for Giacomo. — [*Pondering.*] Montanino, eh? —

And thou hast long'd to buy his little farm? —

He 'll not then sell it. — And my brother brib'd

Through his pernicious vice. — Here is some plot.

Ah ha! And thou a magistrate! 'T is well.

I 'll be at the bottom of this before thou knowest.

Then try to shake me from thee, an' thou dare!

Thou think'st I love thee. I should love to be

The mistress of thy household. And I will.

*Goes up the stage again, towards the door:*

*and Scene closes.*

## SCENE III.

*The Piazza del Campo  
with the Fonte Gaja.*

BARBARA

*is seen dipping a terra-cotta pitcher of antique form into  
the Fountain. She raises it to her head, when  
Enter, from the left,*

ANTONELLO.

*Barbara going off to the right as Antonello crosses the stage,  
she looks half-aside, and pretends to hurry from  
him. He arrests her.*

*Anton.* Eh, barbarous Barbara! whither off so fast?

Don't our ways lie together? Stop a little!

Nobody's looking. There. [*looking about him,*  
*snatches a kiss.*

Thou'rt quite a blossom!

*Barb.* If our ways lie together, saucy Nello,

Yet our two houses, please, stand quite apart.

The Montanini [*affecting grandeur*] have no consort with  
The Salimbeni.

*Anton.* Better if they had.

*Barb.* Come, that's a deal too impudent. Dost think,

Because we are poor, we're not as proud as you?

I have seen thy master look prodigious sweet



On my sweet mistress.

*Anton.* Hast thou? So have I.

Would n't it be a blessing, eh! My lord —

Thy lady — eh? The Palace in a blaze —

*Barb.* A blessing that! — There's little though to burn.

*[shrugging her shoulders.]*

*Anton.* I meant a blaze of lights, and not of fire.

They two made one, my little maid and I

Might hunt in couples. Eh, my dainty rib! *[pinching her.]*

*Barb.* Ouf! Don't now! Get away! thou 'lt make me spill

My water. And — *[looking off the scene.]*

St. Domenic! get thee gone!

There's Gianni coming! Do go, Nello dear!

*Anton.* Kiss me then, first.

*Barb.* Not I!

*Anton.* I sha' n't go then;

Nor shalt thou either.

*Barb.* *[struggling and looking*

*off the scene.]*

Patience! — There! *[kissing him.]*

And there!

*[striking him on the ear.]*

*Anton.* *[laughing and rubbing his ear.]*

I'll pay thee, Monna Barbara!

*Exit, at the right,*

*while Enter from the same, passing him, GIANNI.*

*Gian.* *[looking at him discontentedly*

*and shaking his head.]*

So — so — so!

Always with Antonello. I'm a-thinking,  
Thou 'dst best have nought to do with Master's foes.  
That 's my idea!

*Barb.* He is n't Master's foe.  
Nor is his master either.

*Gian.* I say he is.  
They have been foes for twice a hundred years.  
Now! And I'm thinking, thou hadst best come home  
At once. That 's my idea.

*Barb.* And my idea  
Is, thou hadst better mind thy own affairs.  
*Gian.* I am a-minding of my own affairs.

The Mistress sent for thee.

*Barb.* Why couldst thou not  
Say that at once? [*hurrying off to right.*

*Enter BECCARI, from left,*  
*and stops her.*

*Becc.* My pretty Barbara! What!  
Both out together! How will the old house  
Do without one of you?

*Gian.* 'T is n't an old house;  
And 't will do very well without, I'm thinking,  
If Master will it. Come away. [*to Barb.*] Thou 'dst best  
Have nought to do with magistrates, I'm thinking.  
That 's my idea. [*Exit, with Barb., at right.*

*Becc.* And so 't is mine, old fellow.  
*Pointing after them*  
*scoffingly.]* A goodly retinue for a noble house!

Thou 'lt manage, though, to do without even these,  
I 'm thinking [*mimicking Gianni*], Messer Carlo.

All is ready.

In a few minutes! — 'T was a hard ado  
To bring my would-be brother to the mark.  
I bad him high. He 'd sell his soul to the Devil  
For means to game with. Even such fools does vice,  
When grown a habit, make of men! — I 'll walk  
About this place, until the work be done,  
And glut my soul with that proud beggar's shame.

*He looks down the street where Barbara, &c.,  
had disappeared, and  
Scene closes.*

---

SCENE IV.

*In the Palazzo Montanini. Angelica's Apartment.*

*ANGELICA seated embroidering.*

*CARLO stands behind her, looking abstractedly on her work.*

*After a few moments,*

*Carlo.* Angelica — I cannot drive from mind  
That man's presumption. And it wakens now —  
What memory, think'st thou? — Salimbene's looks  
Bent on my sister with such fond regard.

*Angel.* [confused, and bending low over her work,  
which she discontinues.

Oh Carlo! thou wouldst not compare the two?

*Carlo.* Now God forbid! I would not be unjust  
Even to an enemy. Leave thy work awhile.

*They come forward.*

*He puts his right arm round her waist, and  
takes her left hand in his left.*

Now tell me, sweet: has Salimbene ever  
Given token of a wish to come more near?

*Angel.* [with eyes cast down.

Never, my brother, more than thou hast seen.  
When from my way to church with Barbara sole  
He meets me passing, bowing reverent-low,  
With head unbonneted, he yields the path  
As any noble cavalier might do  
To noble damsel of a neighboring house.<sup>14</sup> —

*Carlo.* Even though an enemy's. And that is all?

*Angel.* And that is all.

*Carlo.* And tak'st thou not, sweet sister,  
More pleasure in his homage than in that  
Of other noble cavalier? — Forgive me;  
I have no right to call this color here. [*pressing his lips to  
her cheek.*

But oh, forget not, that we stand alone,  
And should be all in all to one another.

*Angel.* [*throwing both her arms about him.*

And we are all in all to one another.

*Carlo.* •[after pressing her a moment to  
his breast, lifts her off, and resumes.

And being alone should watch with double care  
That not a stain come on our father's name.  
Be charier of thy smiles to Salimbene.

*Angel.* I have not been more than courteous that I know ;  
At least, I have never thought to be. Oh why,  
Why, brother, lend thy bosom to distrust ?  
Ippolito Salimbene, all men say,  
Is open in heart as visage, and high-soul'd.

*Carlo.* Yet he is wealthy : we are very poor.

*Angel.* Does wealth exclude all virtue ?

*Carlo.* No. But men

Magnify into virtue in the rich  
All that is not bare vice ; as in the poor  
The smallest spot of error swells to sin  
That is enormous. Salimbene's heart  
Has never felt misfortune. What should cloud  
His happy visage ? Plac'd above dependance,  
He needs not feel distrust. So, says the world,  
" Behold a frank and generous-minded man ! "  
Perhaps he is. But I, being poor, if sad  
Am call'd morose ; and if, for I have found  
In my adversity men cold and false,  
Slothful to help and eager to betray,  
I doubt and stand aloof, I am thought suspicious,  
And my reserve set down to gloomy pride.

*Angel.* Oh how they wrong thee, brother ! Let them come  
And ask of me. Thou art not proud, not gloomy ;

Thou art thyself too generous and true,  
To be suspicious of another's faith.

*Carlo.* Thou little flatterer! What canst thou know?  
Art thou then of the kind which men suspect?  
And to be gloomy under thy sweet smiles,  
Why that, my sister, were as one should shiver  
In the glad vernal sunshine. Thou art right:  
I have no ague; not o' the heart at least.

*Enter BARBARA.*

But here is Barbara. Give her now her task,  
And let us go.

*ANGELICA passes up the stage with BARBARA, and appears  
to give directions about another piece of  
embroidery, not her own.*

The air of this dull house  
Even here, where it seems lightest, weighs us down.  
What a rough nest for such a dainty bird! [*glancing  
round him, and then fondly on  
his sister's figure.*]

I could for her sake almost see it chang'd  
Even for an enemy's bower.

*ANGELICA, leaving BARBARA at the frame,  
comes down.*

*Angel.* What dost say,

Carlino?

*Carlo.* I was murmuring at Heaven,

Which, when it made thee all an angel, sweet,  
Forgot thy wings.

*Angel.* So I should fly away,  
And leave thee lonely? Earth is good enough  
With only thee, dear Carlo.

*Carlo.* Come then out.  
The open air is better for us birds.  
The heavens shall be our canopy; the turf  
A more elastic footing than these boards;  
The sunshine and the mottled shadows yield  
All that we need to decorate our rooms,  
Nor twit our poverty.

*Noise heard within, like the measured  
tramp of an armed band.*

What means that noise?

*Enter GIANNI in dismay.*

*Gian.* O my dear master! here's the guard broke in.

*Carlo.* What are they come for?

*Gian.* For no good, I'm thinking.

I could not keep them off. Make haste! They're here!

Fly, Messer Carlo! hide yourself! O do!

*Carlo.* Not so. I must be found.

*ANGELICA clings to her brother's arm.*

*BARBARA, who has already left her work, comes forward, as*

*Enter*

*a party of SBIRRI, headed by their CAPTAIN.*

Whom seek-ye here?

By whose command?

*Capt.* By order of the Nine,  
I come to arrest Ser Carlo Montanino,  
Son of Messer' Tomma'so Montanino.  
You are he, I think.

*Carlo.* I am. 'T is some mistake.

*Gian.* 'T is some mean villany : that 's my idea.

*Carlo.* Hush, good old man ! — On what grounds is this done?

*Capt.* 'T is not my part to answer. Lo, Messere,

You have my warrant.

*Unfolding it, and, bowing over the seal,  
he hands the parchment to CARLO, who looks over it.*

*Carlo.* I own it, and obey.

*[returning the warrant.]*

*Angel.* Oh no ! he has done no wrong ! It cannot be !

O let him stay : you can confine him here.

*Capt.* Lady, it grieves me —

*Carlo.* Sister, be assur'd.

Do not cling to me so ! All will be well.

Once found their error, I shall soon be back.

Now there ! Now there !

*Angel.* One moment ! *[still clinging.]*

*Carlo.* Oh my heart !

'T is my sole terror, that I leave thee here,

Afflicted and alone. Come then, bear up !

Wilt thou not for a little, for my sake ?

There ! *[kissing her.]* Take her, Barbara. So.

Now, Captain, quickly.

*[hurrying off.]*



*Angel.* Oh God! My brother! — Take me! take me too!  
[*half-fainting in Carlo's arms.*]

CARLO, *kissing her on the forehead, puts  
her into the arms of BARBARA, and is led off, bending  
his eyes continually on his sister.*

*Drop falls.*

## ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I. *In the Palazzo Salimbeni.*

DOMICILLA. CORNELIA.

*Cornel.* No, Aunt, I cannot think it. To be glad,  
Ippolito should be spiteful. Yet he is one  
Of the best good-natur'd men in all Siena.

*Domicil.* And so he may be, yet be not ill pleas'd  
His enemy is in prison. In my day,  
Men were good haters. But the times are chang'd.

*Cornel.* Not in good hating, Aunt. I am sure, if that  
Be a sign of progress, manhood in our day  
Is not degenerate. The Tolome'i  
And Salimbeni hate like Christians still.

*Domicil.* They are the heads of two great factions, child.  
Why wilt thou contradict me? In my day,  
I say, men were not so.

*Cornel.* I had no thought  
To contradict thee, Aunt.

*Domicil.* Now there, Cornelia!  
Again thou contradictest. In my day,  
Men did not easily forget a wrong.  
Thy brother, thou wilt see, despite his mirth,  
Will find a serious pleasure in the shame

Of Carlo Montanino.

*Cornel.* Poor young man !

What harm did he do my brother ?

*Domicil.* How thou talk'st !

Are they not enemies ?

*Cornel.* Their foresires were,  
Some generations back.

*Domicil.* Then so are they.  
That is inevitable.

*Cornel.* O dear Aunt !

*Domicil.* Why, is he not a friend of the Tolomei ?

*Cornel.* But then he is so poor ! what can he do ?

Think of his desolation, all alone  
With one young sister ; not another left  
Of all his father's house !

*Domicil.* Whose fault is that ?  
The sins of the fathers, child, are punish'd down  
To their fourth generation. 'T is the law  
Given out in thunder from the Mount of God.

*Cornel.* And writ in the code of Nature, but annull'd

By later dispensation, in so far  
At least as mortal hands are made to wield  
The rod of Heaven's vengeance. We are told  
Not to take eye for eye and tooth for tooth,  
But lend two cheeks to the striker, and to him  
Who steals our cloak to give the mantle also.

*Domicil.* That may be preaching, child, but, 'tis not practice.

At least it was not so, when I was young.

*Cornel.* No, then it was taking all. Who filch'd your cloak,

Was sure to get the mantle, if he could.

*Domicil.* And does so now. And so men will, I think,  
Till the end of time.

*Cornel.* Why yes; for so 't is said,  
To him, who much hath, shall be given much,  
And, who hath little, from him shall be reft  
The little that he hath. Poor Montanino,  
Being brought to the verge of ruin by the sin  
Of his wrong-headed ancestors, must now  
Be penn'd up in a dungeon!

*Domicil.* For his own.  
'T is coat and cloak most truly. But I doubt  
He has deserv'd to lose them.

*Cornel.* O my Aunt!  
With that good heart of thine, how canst thou judge  
So harshly? And such cause of family feud!  
'T is but a dog and a wild boar after all!

*Domicil.* No, 't was a man's life taken, Massimino,  
One of the best of the Salimbeni, slain  
By Niccolò Montanino, a wild youth  
Whose heart's blood altogether was not worth  
One drop of Massimino's! That one drop  
Has bled two hundred years, and still will bleed  
While beats a heart with Montanini's pulse.

*Cornel.* Now Heaven forefend! But tell me, dear my aunt,  
How this fell out. I cannot keep the count  
For twice a hundred years.

*Domicil.* Ah, times are chang'd!  
In my day, damsels of a noble house

Knew all their lineage, and could trace their blood  
Back to Rome's consuls, were the race so long.

*Cornel.* It must have run a stream as long as the Arbia,<sup>15</sup>  
And not so pure as what supplies our fountains.

*Domicil.* Thou art degenerate! no true Salimbene.

*Cornel.* Forgive me, Aunt; I needs must be amus'd,  
To hear of families whose noble blood  
Bubbled before the she-wolf had a lair.<sup>16</sup>  
I thought we were of the oldest and the best.

*Domicil.* And so we are, as ancient and as good  
As the Tolomei. Then come Saracini,  
And Piccolo'mini, and Malavolti.  
The Montanini are behind all these. —  
But to my tale.

Two hundred years ago,  
Soon after the great Countess<sup>17</sup> quit the world,  
Bequeathing to the Pope what was not hers  
To give away, and the Sane'si<sup>18</sup> freed  
Had not yet driven out their bravest and best,  
And us'd their footcloth for a diadem —

*Cornel.* That means, while yet the nobles rul'd.

*Domicil.* What else?

Upon a certain day, a numerous party  
Of high-born youth rode out to hunt the boar.  
On the return, discoursing of their feats,  
Whose hounds were foremost, strongest, and most bold,  
The Salimbeni claim'd the day as theirs,  
The Montanini theirs. The strife wax'd hot.  
From words it came to blows: and swords were drawn:

And Niccolò Montanino, mad with rage,  
Smote Massimino of the Salimbeni  
Dead on the field. Thence vengeance. Thence the feud;  
Which rag'd, at intervals, twice eightscore years;  
Till, stript of all their castles, and their race  
Almost exhausted, (for the Salimbeni,  
The richest and most widely branching house  
In all Siena, greatly overmatch'd them,)  
The Montanini quench'd, the fire burn'd out.  
But there the cinders are, and smoulder still.

*Cornel.* And who would stir them? Not my brother, sure.  
Poor Montanino! if thy sires were bloody,  
Thy beggar'd fortunes and thy dwindled race  
Have made atonement!

*Domicil.* Why, Cornelia, child!  
Thou hadst better fall in love with Messer Carlo,  
And build the house up!

*Cornel.* Not so far as that:  
I am no mason. But I tell thee, Aunt,  
Light as I am, I have reason strong enough,  
And heart I hope, to hold these feuds in horror.  
And more, I dare avow, young Montanino,  
Last of his race and with his ruin'd fortune,  
Alone with that sweet sister, both so sad,  
And both so noble in their gentle mien,  
Has for my heart and fancy more attraction  
Than any of my brother's happier friends.  
I think how I should like to draw him near  
And smile away his sadness, and to make

That dear Angelica my bosom's friend.

*Domicil.* Why, did I ever! — No, when I was young,  
A maiden had as soon bit off her tongue,  
As prais'd an enemy. And I suppose,  
Now that the youth is prison'd for some crime,  
Thou 'lt make a saint of him.

*Cornel.* That is to see.

Here Antonello comes. I bade him learn  
What had transpired.

*Domicil.* Thou didst? The girl is mad!  
Why, in my day! — Ah, times indeed are chang'd!  
I wonder how the world will get along!

*Enter ANTONELLO.*

*Cornel.* Why very much as though no Montanino  
Nor Salimbene were in 't! We are but bubbles  
Floating upon some portion of the flood,  
Which, whether we break at once or swim awhile,  
Rolls downward to the ocean, all the same. —  
Well, Antonello?

*Domicil.* Really! I did never! —

*Anton.* [*He speaks throughout, though still quickly, yet more deliberately, through respect, than when with Barbara.*]  
I met with Monna Gelica's<sup>19</sup> young maid,  
Who had told me of her master's taking up,  
Madonna, as you know.

*Cornel.* And what said she?

*Anton.* He has been charg'd before the Nine with practising  
With the Messeri of the Tolomei

To bring the exil'd nobles back again.

*Domicil.* Plotting with Deo of the Tolomei,

The banish'd Guelf! <sup>20</sup> What say'st thou, child, to that?

*Cornel.* 'T is, Aunt, a mere political offence, —

Rebellion, — even if the charge be prov'd.

*Domicil.* Don't contradict me, child: I say, 't is crime.

Leag'd with the Tolomei to expel

The Salimbeni! Said I not he was

Our house's foe! Is 't prov'd? [*to Anton.*

*Anton.* Madonna, yes.

*Domicil.* And what his punishment?

*Anton.* Condemn'd to pay

A thousand florins, <sup>21</sup> or to lose his head.

*Cornel.* 'T is tyranny! Ippolito so will say.

That poor Angelica! and her brother's life!

*Domicil.* Ippolito will say no such a thing.

And poor Angelica need not be concern'd:

Their friends will pay the fine and save his life. —

Plotting with Deo of the Tolomei,

The banish'd Guelf! I told thee that the cinders

Were smouldering still. But thou wouldst not believe.

Young folk were not so headstrong in my day.

[*Exit Domicil.*

*Cornel.* Is Messer Carlo really condemn'd?

*Anton.* I stood before the Palace of the Signory.

Men talk'd of nothing else. They say, he is given

Two weeks to pay the mulct in.

*Cornel.* Poor young lady!

How did she bear it?



*Anton.* As you may suppose,  
Knowing, Madonna, that her brother was  
A god in the lady's eyes. She swoon'd away.  
I wish my master were return'd!

*Cornel.* For what?

*Anton.* I don't know, Monna Nelia. But you see —  
Monna Angelica is the sweetest creature!  
My master is — I think — An angel quite!

*Cornel.* Thy master?

*Anton.* Monna Gelica, I mean.

*Cornel.* I think so too, good Nello. Say no more.  
Learn all thou canst. And, hark thou! if it be  
Thou hear'st the desolate lady is in need  
Of aught that I can furnish, let me know.  
I will supply it. Only, have a care  
She shall not know the true source whence it comes.

*Anton.* God's life! Madonna, thou 'rt an angel too!

*Cornel.* Thou knowest, Madonna Angelica and I  
Are neighbors, and good manners spread by contact.  
Go now, hear all, and see all; but thy mouth,  
For Salimbene's honor, keep thou close!

[*Exit, joyfully, but with marked respect, Anton.*

I would too that Ippolito were back!  
What will he do? He loves that lovely lady  
Better than life. And say what will my aunt,  
He has no feeling of enmity for the brother,  
But thinks as I do of these silly feuds.  
I would I durst inform her of his love!  
But her kind heart is so o'ergrown with weeds

Of genealogy and family pride,  
They choke the wheat of sense and Christian grace.  
To think of fighting for a pack of hounds!  
And a whole family spent for one boar's blood!  
I wonder not the people are sick of rank  
And shut ancestral honors from their gates.  
If Carlo Montanino sought to open them,  
His head is not so solid as it looks,  
And might, for all its use, as well be off.

*[Turns to make her Exit, in same direction as Domicilla,  
and Scene closes.]*

## SCENE II.

*A cell in the public prison.*

CARLO,

*seated on a bench apparently of stone, and leaning pensively on a small table of seemingly similar material, his forehead on his hand.*

*A noise within, as of bolts withdrawn, and a narrow vaulted door, at the right, opens. A JAILER gives admittance to BECCARI, and then, at a sign from the latter, shuts in the two together.*

*Becc. [after a moment — Carlo not rising.*

You sent for me, Messere. I have come.

CARLO, *dropping his hand, looks at him steadily, but does not rise.*

Will it please you speak? 'T is not a thing most usual  
For a high Signor of the State to wait  
On a convicted culprit.

CARLO *rises with dignity, and comes forward with an air of tranquil yet melancholy majesty, and speaks in a tone corresponding to his mien.*

*Carlo. I am not —*

Neither culprit, nor convicted; though condemn'd,  
I feel, most truly, and condemn'd unjustly.  
I had no thought, Messer', to wound your pride.

You were not of the bench which took away  
My liberty on a perjur'd charge, sustain'd  
By no clear evidence, and against whose substance  
I was not suffer'd even to protest.

*Becc.* I was not on the bench ; but being of those  
Who judg'd and who condemn'd you, must not hear  
Their justice call'd in question. Not for me  
To sentence you unheard ; nor will you credit,  
That I, whom 't not concerns, should greatly care  
Whether you be or innocent or not.  
But all men are my brothers, and as man  
My heart can throb with sympathy for those  
Whom as a magistrate my tongue must censure.  
For this, and for your noble sister's sake —

*Carlo.* [*quietly, yet with slight severity.*]

My sister leave alone, and speak of me.

*Becc.* Why hinder that an angel come between  
Our earthy natures, and make smooth a path  
That either may without her find too rough ?

*Carlo.* [*with increased severity, yet without passion.*]

Messer', Messere' ! this is to abuse  
Our several positions. What you mean  
I know not, but between yourself and me  
Is no affair wherein my sister mingles.

*Becc.* Well, Messer Carlo Montanino, well.  
I thought you had found need of me, and came  
To offer help. Why sent you for me then ?

*Carlo.* Ser Gasparo Beccari, oftentimes  
You have sued to me to have my only farm

Down in the vale of Strovè, and late offer'd  
Up to twelve hundred florins, which I refus'd,  
Not willing then to sell at any price.  
My need now is ascendant. Take the farm.

*Becc.* No, Messer Montanino ; times are chang'd.

To tempt you, I made offers far above  
The actual value. These you chose, from pride,  
Or fancy, or whatever cause you will,  
Flatly to set at nought. 'T is now my turn.  
You ask to sell. I will not give you now  
Twelve hundred florins.

*Carlo.* I had not suppos'd  
You wish'd to chaffer.

*Becc.* Then you quite forgot  
I am a merchant, as your foresires were,  
And were, 't is not yet threescore years gone by,  
The great destroyers of your lesser race,  
The wealthy Salimbeni ; wiser they,  
And better patriots, who could lend the State  
For one emergence twenty thousand florins  
Out of their private coffers.

*Carlo.* But well secur'd.<sup>22</sup>  
What boots this reminiscence ? That my sires  
Were not of the dominant faction, let my need,  
And that I am now imprison'd on a charge  
Utterly false, untried, without a word  
Permitted in defence, and doom'd to lose  
My life, or pay a fine beyond my means,  
Let this attest, and plead for your forbearance ;

Nor seek to wound who casts no stone at you.

*Becc.* I might reply, Messere, that you have,  
Though it fell short. But let us pass that over.  
Our talk is now of money. He who bids  
For what is not on sale must offer largely.  
I did so. Who would sell where is no bid,  
Must tempt with easy prices. You do not.  
I dropp'd the magistrate at your desire;  
I can resume it, so please you, and withdraw. [*turns to go.*  
*Carlo.* Yet stay.

*He walks up the stage. BECCARI watches him with a look of  
exultant malignity, which he instantly suppresses, when  
CARLO, returning, raises his head and resumes.*

'T is hard. But I have no resource.  
Give me a thousand florins, and take the farm.  
*Becc.* 'T was my first offer, truly. But remember,  
I bade you note 't was much beyond its worth.  
'T is you that wish to sell, not I to buy.  
The case is alter'd.

*Carlo.* Do I hear aright?  
Is this your charity?  
*Becc.* 'T is my common sense.  
I wonder you not see it.

*Carlo.* 'T is because  
You sought to blind me with your Christian love  
And human sympathy.

*Becc.* That was no blind.  
I hold all men my brothers, and I sorrow  
For you as for all others, but no more.

I do to you what you would do to me  
Under like circumstances.

*Carlo.* [*loftily, and with more of passion*  
*than he has hitherto betrayed.*

Never! No,  
Not were you my worst enemy.

*Becc.* So you think.

It is but your opinion. I have mine.  
I am a stranger to your class as blood,  
A man of the people: why do you appeal  
To me, when you have friends of your own rank?  
Your father's blood is lessen'd to the veins  
Of only two: but yet your mother's flows  
In a fair stream. Not wholly are you spent,  
Nor quite alone. There are who boast your kin  
Who are rich, though happily for the public peace  
And common weal they are no more of note.  
Why in your urgency not solicit them?

*Carlo.* You ask to mock me, knowing well ere this  
They had freed me, were 't their will. They haply dread,  
Being of a faction hated by your rule,  
To fall into suspicion, lend they aid  
To a suspected rebel.

*Becc.* Lo you now!

Your mother's blood grows niggard, and the friends  
Of your own faction pale before the terror  
Of charg'd complicity, yet you call on me  
A Ghibeline and an alien to your race,  
A ruler in the city which condemns you,

To lend you aid, and venture my good name  
With my associate rulers and the people  
Whose interests by so doing I may betray !  
Well, I will venture ; I have come for that ;  
And let your conscience after bid you blush,  
That you have cast a slur upon my charity  
And Christian love. Messer Carlo Montanino,  
I will take your land in Strove at its worth.  
The residue to make up your amercement  
May easily be found : so much your friends  
May lend, nor give suspicion to the State.

*Carlo.* What is your offer ?

*Becc.* What the farm would bring  
To-morrow were it set to public sale :  
Seven hundred florins.

*Carlo.* Let our parle here cease.  
The o'erstrain'd tyranny which has sent me hither,  
An innocent man, to ruin or to death,  
Is not more odious than the skulking malice  
Which flouts my poverty and the rampant avarice  
Which drives a bargain with my mortal need,  
Usurping blasphemously the pure name  
Of Christian charity. There is the door.

*[said loftily, but with a melancholy  
majesty that is above passion.]*

*While BECCARI replies, the cell door is again  
thrown open, and the JAILER admits  
ANGELICA and BARBARA.*



BARBARA remains in the background. ANGELICA without  
a word throws herself upon CARLO's breast, who  
presses her there in silence until BECCARI,  
whom he does not from this time  
regard, has made his *Exit*.

Becc. Since I am here invited, Messer Carlo,  
You should have left me to depart unbidden.  
Your insult on the magistral authority  
I shall not to your detriment report.  
Your obloquy of me, and most ungrateful  
Perversion of my meaning, I shall strive,  
More for that noble lady's sake than yours,  
To not remember, and for her sweet sake  
Will do you service yet despite yourself.  
Meanwhile, peace with you! — Jailer, let me forth.  
[knocks at the door, which is open'd.  
*Exit Beccari.*

Angel. Oh Carlo! is all hopeless? Oh my brother!

Carlo. [raising her from his breast  
and kissing her on the forehead.

Why ask, Angelica? Was thy quest in vain?  
Bertuccio Arrigucci will not aid me?

Angel. Alas! he listen'd kindly, seem'd surpris'd  
To hear of thy embarrassment, and distress'd  
To think he must refuse; because, he said,  
His known attachment to the banish'd side,  
And his affinity, through his son Rugiero,  
With Messer Sozzo Deï, made it for him

More dangerous than for others to lend thee aid.  
He wonder'd that you did not sell your farm,  
Which must he thought bring full a thousand florins.

*Carlo.* Thus all of them prepare to see me die !

I was unjust to accuse this butcher's son,  
The associate of a tyrannous popular rule,  
Of want of charity and malicious will,  
When my own kindred and best-trusted friends,  
To escape suspicion and a possible fine,  
Selfishly give me over to the axe.  
What though they should affront even risk of exile,  
Or sequestration of all worldly goods,  
Is not my blood in the scale ? And were theirs balanc'd,  
Would not I venture more ? even life as well ?  
But no ! that is for me to exact too much.  
Nor do I do it, Angelica. Yet — and yet —  
Why did not my rich cousin advance the means  
To others less obnoxious, and through *them*  
Have got me clear ?

*Angel.* 'T is like he did not think it.

I will to him instantly and urge the plan.

*Carlo.* No ; he will tell thee that the State would trace  
The ransom to its source and make him answer.  
Thou shalt not blush, nor for thyself nor me,  
At his renew'd refusal.

*Angel.* In such a case

There can be nought to blush for. Rather shame  
Is his who, in an hour of mortal need,  
Denies a kinsman aid, than his who asks it.

Oh let me back, my brother! if not to him,  
Yet to some other. Do not shake thy head!  
Where life is hope is, and it cannot be  
All will repel us.

*Carlo.* I do fear it will.

There is none to us allied, remote or near,  
That is not fallen into some suspect  
With the malignant Nine, or will not plead  
Their jealous fears, to avoid the doing of what  
Might haply move suspicion. No, believe me,  
He who would aid me will not need be ask'd.

*Angel.* Then must we sell our pretty place in Strovè.

Do it, dear Carlo, and quit this fearful den.

*Carlo.* Poor child! And wilt thou tell me how to sell?

Didst thou not mark Beccari's mood in parting?

*Angel.* Something I noted in his tone: not much.

He seem'd to have been repuls'd. He came to buy?

*Carlo.* Doubtful, since others fail'd me, that Bertuccio

Would listen even to thee, I sent to speak

With Ser Beccari, and had from him a lesson

Was hardly needed.

*Angel.* What was that, my brother?

*Carlo.* Thou hast mark'd, among the gentlest even of birds,

How when one sickens, or is broken-wing'd,

The rest will peck at him, nay oftentimes

The male at the wounded female. So with men.

The strong, who need no help, have help in plenty.

'T is press'd upon them even against their will.

The feeble cry in vain; their happier brothers

Pluck at their feathers and worry them to death.

• *Angel.* No, Carlo, not with all. [*embracing him.*]

*Carlo.* No, Earth were Hell,  
Were there no angels in it. But thou, my cherub,  
Thy wing is broken too.

*Angel.* Thou dost not mean,  
We cling together only that we both  
Are poor and helpless?

*Carlo.* No; thought I that,  
The headsman's axe were welcome. Said I not,  
Thou art an angel? While thou tread'st its walks  
Earth still has Paradise, and therefore only,  
For thy sweet sake, I struggle yet to live. —  
But to the means of life — which yet I see not.  
Beccari offer'd for the farm, thou knowest,  
Twelve hundred florins. Then, I could refuse.  
Now I must offer, he will not give me more  
Than seven hundred. 'T is the law of trade.  
So he would teach me. But I rather think it  
The law of common nature. I am down:  
Why lift me up? My body stops the way.  
Let the proud trample on it, or step over,  
Nor stop to ask if yet its heart beats warm.  
*Angel.* O do not talk so desperately, dear brother!  
See! through thy prison-bars the setting sun  
Darts even now a line of level gold.  
It has been hidden all the livelong day.  
Accept the omen, Carlo: trust in God,  
Who will not leave thy virtue unrepaid.

*Carlo.* No, thine, sweet saint: mine has no note in Heaven:  
This ray of sunset fortune shines for thee.  
Be it! I shall die happy.

*Angel.* Carlo! Carlo!

This doubt tempts Providence: and this despair,  
Is it for me to listen?

*Carlo.* No, forgive me.

I will for thy sake think what may be done.

*Angel.* Think not, but act! Command the farm be sold!  
Bertuccio valued it a thousand florins.

*Carlo.* Well, I will ponder. Sleep thou undisturb'd.

*[stooping to kiss her.]*

*Angel.* *[throwing herself on his neck.]*

Sleep undisturb'd! while thou art pillow'd here?

*Carlo.* Fi, fi! is this thy trust in Heaven? See now!

Thou art making good Barbara herself to cry!

Cheer up, my sister! — So! — Knock, Barba, now.

*[Barb. knocks on the portal, which is  
opened by the Jailer.]*

Good even, Angelica. *[embracing her.]*

*Angel.* Do sell the farm!

Do, do, my brother! *[kisses him fondly and repeatedly,  
then, going out, suddenly comes back, and  
embraces him silently, and Exit,  
followed by Barbara.]*

*The door is closed, and the  
bolts are heard within.*

*Carlo.* And what wouldst thou then do?

Must I give thee to beggary? thee? I will

Indeed well ponder it. — The ray is fled.

[*looking off the scene.*]

It came with thee, and would not stay, thou gone.

And now, without that double light, these walls  
Are blacker than before. — O guard her, Heaven!

With me do even as befits Thy Will,

But have, I pray, have mercy upon her!

*He walks up the stage, and Scene closes.*

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SCENE III.

*The Entrance of the Palazzo Montanini within.*

*The Background presents the Great Gate  
closed. On the Right, the lower  
steps of a winding staircase.*

*On the Left, the Por-  
ter's Lodge.*

*Knocking without.*

*Enter GIANNI from the Lodge.*

*Gianni.* Now, who can that be, knocking at the gate?

You 'll not get in, I 'm thinking! now! — St. John!

You 're in a hurry!

*Moving slowly to the gate.*] But there takes one more

To give you speed; and that 's not I. I 'll see,

However, who you be: it is n't safe,

Now everybody 's out — Ay, ay, I hear!

*[draws a slide covering a latticed loophole and looks out.*

Hum! Ser Beccari! What wants he, I wonder.

*[Opens partially a postern in the great door and,  
looking out,*

The mistress 's out; and Barbara is out;

The master 's where nobody better knows

Than you, I 'm thinking. So you can't come in,

Messer Beccari. *[offering to shut the postern.*

*It is pushed back, and, brushing by him,*

*Enter BECCARI.*

*Becc.* Never mind, my friend,

I 'll wait thy mistress.

*Gian.* Mistress is n't us'd

To be awaited. She is where she ought,

Consoling my poor master, Messer Carlo,

Who 's where he ought not; greater shame to those

Who put him there! and won't be home till dark.

*Becc.* That won't be long; the sun is setting now.

Come, my good Gianni; thou 'rt a brave old fellow,

Plain, downright, honest stuff, such as I like;

And —

*Gian.* No, I a'n't; nor plain, nor honest more

Than other folk, I 'm thinking; but I know  
Just what I like and what I don't like, and  
I show it.

*Becc.* And that 's downright.

*Gian.* No, it is n't;

It 's natural: that 's my idea.

*Becc.* Well, be it.

It is thy nature, Gianni, and 't is mine,  
To show our likings. And I do so now.  
Come, there is money. [*Gianni looks at it wistfully, but  
turns away.*]

Nay, my frank old man;

'T is frankly offer'd; and I know thou need'st it;  
Ye are not over well provided here.

*Gian.* I say we are: who told you we were not?

And I can take no pay but from the master.  
Put up your money: you are tempting me  
To nothing good, I 'm thinking; but you won't  
Succeed: that 's my idea.

*Becc.* If I had thought to,

I had not try'd to tempt thee, as thou call'st it.  
No, good old man, I am thy master's friend,  
Although he does not know it; would gladly aid him,  
As I would all the unhappy of mankind.

*Gian.* [*who has shook his head distrustfully while*

*Becc. spoke.*]

But I am not unhappy.

*Becc.* Peace! — It is

Because I know thee loyal to thy lord



I seek to do thee kindness. Take it! [*offering again the money. Gianni looks wistfully and sidelong at it, as before, but struggles with his desire, and shakes his head.*]

No?

Well then, some other time. And 't is for this,  
My wish to serve thy master spite himself,  
I 'd speak with thy young mistress. Tell me now —  
Thou knowest, good Gianni — of what mood is she?

*Gian.* Eh?

*Becc.* Of what temper, disposition?

*Gian.* Oh!

The same as Master's.

*Becc.* So? I should have thought  
They hardly were alike. And what is his?

*Gian.* The same as mine: he don't like strangers. So,  
Please to go out, Messer Beccari.

*Becc.* Come!

Please to remember what I am.

*Gian.* I do.

You are one of our rulers, the more shame for you.  
The people do not like you any more  
Than do the nobles; only, these dare not  
Speak out their minds, as dare the people, and I,  
Because you cannot hurt me, since I am  
Not worth the hurting. But you are a set  
Of shabby tyrants, and you know it; and  
The sooner we are rid of you, the better.<sup>23</sup>  
That 's my idea.

*Becc.* Plain, downright, honest Gianni!

Dost recollect, though I may not hurt *thee*,  
These sentiments, reported as thy master's,  
May hurt him ?

*Gian.* Well; he is in prison, is n't he ?

And I don't know but that you put him there.

*Becc.* I ? No ! I should be glad to get him out.

*Gian.* Well, do it then: that 's better than to say it:

And I shall think the better of you. But

You cannot do it here: and, as Madonna

Is not at home, I wish you would go out.

That 's my idea.

*Becc.* [*turning to go.*]

It 's my idea, my friend,

Thou dost not know thy right foot from thy left.

But I shall come to-morrow; and thou 'lt see

I am thy lady's right hand in this strait.

Commend me to her, and tell her I so said.

*Gian.* [*opening the postern.*]

I 'll tell her that a magistrate was here,

And recommend her not to have to do

With any of that sort. That 's my idea.

[*Exit Beccari.*]

Good even, Ser Beccari. —

*Shutting the door.*] And the Devil

Go with you, and the like of you ! — I 'm glad

He 's gone. Madonna will come home

Quite sad enough from poor dear Master's prison,

Without this beast to make her cry, I 'm thinking.

He 's got long claws, I 'll warrant, though he purs.

I 've seen the kind before ; you rub the fur  
A little rough, and out the nails come sharp. --  
'T is time she was a-coming. I 'll look out.

*[opening again the postern.*

O Messer Carlo, it will break her heart  
It they should kill you ! and I think 't will mine.

*He puts his head out at the opening, and*

*Scene closes.*

## ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *As in Act I. Scene I.*

ANGELICA

*coming slowly forward to BECCARI, who, bowing profoundly,  
appears to have just entered ; BARBARA also ad-  
vancing, but keeping behind her mistress,  
a little in the background.*

*Becc.* Madonna, does this moment find you free ?

*Angel.* As free as at a time of such distress

I can be. What is Ser Beccari's pleasure ?

*Becc.* To do away, Madonna, that distress,

If so it please you. In your own hand lies

Your brother's destiny.

*Angel.* In mine ? In mine ?

And I not know it ? But you are of the Nine.

Speak, speak, Messer' ! Why has he languish'd then

Ten days in prison ? I do not understand you.

In my hand ? Speak !

*Becc.* In thine, most truly, lady.

Had I obey'd my feelings, I had come

Five days ago to see you, as I promis'd

That evening when you loiter'd at the prison

And your rude porter would not let me wait.

*Angel.* O do not call him rude, that good old man!

He is but loyal; 't is our house's sorrow

Has fill'd him with distrust.

*Becc.* I do not blame him;

He follows but the master's gloomy lead.

And 't is for this alone his captious humor

Deserves my mention. Pride and cold disdain

Meet, on your brother's part, my Christian offers,

And my best efforts are thwarted by distrust.

*Angel.* [*losing her animation, and resuming the air of dignity and reserve with which she had met Beccari.*]

You do remind me. 'T is that you yourself

Have given him cause to judge you harshly.

*Becc.* How?

I came to him to offer for his farm;

And did so largely. He refus'd, and haughtily.

*Angel.* I think not: haughtiness is not his vice.

*Becc.* No, 't is his weakness.

[*Angel. evinces pain and displeasure.*]

Pardon! I meant not

To ruffle feelings which I most revere.

He did refuse: Madonna, you were by.

*Angel.* He wish'd not then to sell. But, chang'd the case,

He sent for you; and then you did reject

The terms you had offer'd.

*Becc.* 'T was, the case was chang'd.

*Angel.* What! do you drive a traffic with distress,

And in the emergence of a mortal need

Find pretext to enhance the means of aid?

*Becc.* Why not, young lady? Do not all men so?

I ask'd your brother, and I ask you now,  
Why do not his own friends, your mother's kin,  
Assist him?

*Angel.* Wo is us! they dare not do it.  
But you, Messere, dare.

*Becc.* No more than they.  
Might I not be suspected too? No, lady,  
Your brother, Messer Carlo, has not had  
That deference for me he should have had.  
I would befriend him. Will you let me so?  
Look at the Salimbeni, his destroyers —

*Angel.* Wrong not the innocent!

*Becc.* Pardon! I should say,  
Destroyers of his race. What gave them power?  
They owe it not to their enormous wealth,<sup>24</sup>  
But to their influence with the popular party,  
Their union with the dominant cause, through which  
They drove their sole great rivals from the State.

*Angel.* To what tends this? I own, Messer Beccari,  
You are of the Nine; and therefore more I wonder,  
That having the power, and the will professing,  
To aid my hapless brother in this strait,  
You but parade it, and not use it.

*Becc.* Lady,  
I only bid you mark it, in the hope  
You now will bid me use it; for on you,  
And you alone, depends it that I do.

*Angel.* What mean you?

*Becc.* Said I not, that in your hands  
Lies your lov'd brother's destiny?

*Angel.* Explain.

Keep me not anxious!

*Becc.* Bid your servant then,  
I pray you of your courtesy, for my sake,  
Withdraw a brief while.

*Angel.* Backward a few steps,  
Out of all hearing, if that will suffice.

*Becc.* If so it must be.

*Angel.* Barbara, retire;  
But keep in sight.

*BARBARA goes up the stage, but very soon, when  
BECCARI has ceased to observe her, moves  
nearer by degrees, and listens.*

Now briefly.

*Becc.* [*looking back, then in a  
lower tone.*

Were, Madonna,  
Your brother my ally; in other words,  
Our interests made one ——

*Angel.* That cannot be.  
Not for his life would Carlo change his faction,  
Were not his sentiments first chang'd.

*Becc.* Dear lady,  
You do misapprehend me. Not through him  
The alliance I propose, but — dare I say 't?

Through you.

*Angel.* Speak more conceivably, Messere.

*Becc.* I see around in these disfurnish'd rooms

No mirror hung, or I would bid you look,

And there receive my answer.

*Angel.* Barbara!

*Becc.* Nay,

Call her not to you. Think! in five days more,

Your brother's life is forfeit. Will you not

Reach out a hand to save him?

*Angel.* By what means?

*Becc.* By lifting up the fortune I would lay

At your fair feet, and with it lifting me.

*Angel.* Never! I trust in Heaven; nor will I stoop

To even listen to what is shame from one

Who builds his hopes of winning me — since so

I needs must understand you — on the ruin

Of my own brother. Come, Barbara.

*Becc.* Lady, no!

By your own gentle self, I pray! one word!

Think not so meanly of me, deem me not

So senseless-daring, had I even the heart,

To offer in exchange your brother's life

For the high honor of your hand. Believing

I am too humble, having in myself

No claim to do you homage —

*Angel.* Cease, Messere.

In any way I would not listen; but this

I may advise: — to win the right to plead,



You should have set my innocent brother free,  
Then come to me.

*Becc.* And would you then have listen'd?  
May I then hope, dear lady, if I give  
Your brother to your arms again? —

*Angel.* Hope nothing,  
Messer Beccari, that is not in truth  
And reason. If indeed you use the power  
You seem now to avow, nay, if you keep  
Simply your proffer'd terms, and for the farm  
Pay down my brother's ransom, then, sir, then,  
Come to his sister, and you shall receive  
All that a truly grateful heart can pay,  
My first of benefactors and my friend.

*Becc.* And nothing more but this?

*Angel.* And nothing more:  
Since nothing more can be. What would you more?  
O Ser Beccari! give again to life  
My father's son, and thou shalt be to me  
A second father!

*Becc.* You mistake, Madonna;  
I am but one of Nine, and have no power  
To free your brother, though Heaven knows my wish  
Leans heartily that way. To purge him clear  
Of the strong charge of treason to the State,  
Nay more, to give him influence in the State,  
Build up his ruin'd fortunes, and his head,  
Which the axe threatens, lift as high as the best  
Of the Salimbeni, this was in my will.

But the sole means to compass it you would not,  
Scorning my honest love. —

*Angel.* I have said, Messere!

In any way I will not listen that.

Cease then to urge it. Not to build his fortune

Thought I to accept your proffer'd aid, for *that*

My brother would disdain from any man.

He has offer'd you, upon your own urg'd terms,

The estate in Strove. Was it ten days since

A thousand florins worth, 't is not less now.

Bertuccio Arragucci counts it that.

Take it, and for the urgency of our need

Become our benefactor. Said I more?

Thou shalt be, truly shalt thou be, my friend,

My second father.

*Becc.* If the Ser Bertuccio,

Your mother's cousin, lends not, why should I,

My risk is greater, brave the State's suspect?

Lady, I am a merchant; I can give

Nothing for nothing; and my profits vary

According to the need which makes my ware

Rise in the mart or fall. I would not be

Your second father; I would rather be,

That which your beauty and excelling virtue

Make foremost of my wishes, your first spouse.

Hear me then. —

*Angel.* Barbara, come. The Ser Beccari

Can as before alone find out his way.

[*Exeunt Angel. and Barb.*]

*Becc.* Distraction! 'T is the same accursed pride  
Deep-set in both, though putting forth diversely,  
According to the soil wherein 't is grown.  
I 'll pluck it up by the roots, or I will die for 't!  
[*turning to go.*]

*Enter GIANNI.*

*Gian.* Well, you have seen at last Madonna Gelica.  
I hope you are satisfied, Messer' Beccari?  
You 've found she don't like magistrates, I 'm thinking.  
You 'd best not come again, that 's my idea.  
And so, I 'll show you out, if so you 're done.

*Becc.* Silence, old fool! And lead the way. I am done  
For the present — *here.*

*Gian.* Come. [*leading off.*] Better an old fool,  
Than be a sinner at any age, I 'm thinking.

[*Stops at the Exit, to give the advance to Becc.*]

*Exit Becc.*

And so you 'll find one day — that 's my idea.

[*Exit Gianni.*]

## SCENE II.

*As in Act II. Scene I.*

IPPOLITO. CORNELIA. DOMICILLA.

*Ippol.* Now, Aunt Docilla, now, Cornelia dear,  
Ippolito has told you all his fortunes  
By stream and horsepath, forest, dell, and hill,  
Since his prodigious absence of ten days, —  
And, 'sooth, it has seem'd wondrous long indeed,  
Parted from your dear loves! —

*Cornel.* O fi, Ippol'to!

Parted from *our* dear loves? And is that *all*

*[looking at him archly.]*

That weigh'd upon the sluggish wing of Time?

*Domicil.* And what beside should load the hours for him?

Thou dost injustice to thy brother's love.

*Cornel.* No, I do perfect justice to his love.

Don't I, Ippolito? *[same manner.]*

*Domicil.* Child, don't contradict.

Thou interrupt'st him. Do as thou seest me.

When I was young, a damsel would have blush'd

To cut the thread short of her brother's tale.

But times are chang'd.

*Cornel.* 'T is well they are, dear Aunt,

Since it may do a pleasure to one's brother  
To cut his thread off or make short his tale.  
I am sure I have done so now.

*Domicil.* Go on, my son.  
Don't mind her: in her joy to have thee back,  
She talks a deal of nonsense.

*Ippol.* Let her, Aunt!  
I like it well: it helps digestion. Then,  
My thread was well nigh spent. I meant to say,  
Now I have made you merry with my journey  
And scenes abroad, lift you the curtain here,  
And show what 's new since I left Vito's gate.  
Say thou, Cornelia.

*Cornel.* Hast thou not then heard?

*Ippol.* Nothing that 's strange. Siena is, I take it,  
Not any sager being ten days older,  
But the same seething pot of faction still.  
The Devil can find none hotter, save what boils  
On our near neighbors' fires; Arezzo, Pisa,  
Florence, all help to keep each other little;  
And so Italia's states will do, I suppose,  
To the end of time, with foreign greater powers  
To egg them on, who find in their dissensions  
The means to keep them separate and thus weak.  
But Aunt, I see, don't think *me* ten days wiser,  
Who 've come back harping on the same old string.  
Come, what 's to tell, Cornelia? Is it jocund?

*Cornel.* So Aunt thinks: but I say, 't will make thee sad.

*Domicil.* I say, 't will not. Though, times are greatly chang'd

Since I was young.

*Ippol.* Not quite: tastes differ still.

But let us hear.

*Cornel.* Poor Carlo Montanino —

*Ippol.* Not dead?

*Cornel.* No, but condemn'd to die, within  
Five days, unless —

*Ippol.* Good Heaven! what has he done?

*Domicil.* What might be thought of him: conspir'd, my child,  
Against the State.

*Ippol.* Conspir'd against the State?

What might be thought of him? Why, Aunt Docilla,  
Almost as soon I had thought it of myself!

*Cornel.* There, Aunt!

*Ippol.* Why surely, you would not rejoice  
To have him dead?

*Domicil.* Giesu forbid! But dead  
He is not like to be: a thousand florins,  
Cost what they will, may sometime be replac'd;  
Never a head.

*Ippol.* A thousand florins? [*in perplexity.*]

*Cornel.* Aunt

Is not quite right. The poor young man stands charg'd  
With leaguings to bring back the banish'd nobles.

*Domicil.* And is n't that the same? Child, thou art rude!

*Ippol.* Not quite the same. I could not think him guilty  
Of plotting against his country; but conspiring  
To unseat the powers that be is lighter guilt,  
And not unlikely.

*Domicil.* How thou talk'st, Ippol'to!

Why, it is Carlo Montanino plotting  
The restoration of our deadliest foe,  
The puissant Tolomei! Hear'st thou that?

*Ippol.* Puissant enough: but *he* is weak, and humbled,  
Forget it not! through us. A thousand florins  
Will ruin him.

*Domicil.* Is 't my brother's son that speaks?  
The blood of Massimino Salimbene —

*Ippol.* Shed now two hundred years is all too dry  
To fructify mischief, if there lie one seed  
Of such in my breast for Carlo Montanino.

*Domicil.* And thou canst pity him! Times indeed are chang'd!

*Ippol.* The last male scion of an ancient house  
Reduc'd to poverty by his foresire's fault!  
I would my foresires had no hand in it!  
He is a fine young fellow: I wish him well.

*Domicil.* Thy father had not thought this. In my day —

*Ippol.* In thy day, Aunt, my father's self had shudder'd  
To tread upon a corpse. Was 't not an ass  
That kick'd at the dead lion? Wouldst thou have *me*  
Even such a brute? thy pet Ippolito  
Whom thy dear lips have flatter'd into pride?

*Domicil.* No, no, my child! my boy! But yet —

*Ippol.* But yet,

Even if this be prov'd —

*Cornel.* It is not prov'd!

They would not let him answer in defence!  
They hurried him to prison on the instant,

Doom'd to pay down the fine, or lose his head.

*Ippol.* The devil! Why this is tyranny unmask'd!

Be this the way the Nine abuse the laws,

I 'll join, myself, to drive the monsters out.

*Domicil.* Hush, hush! don't say it! thou 'rt mad!

*Ippol.* By Heaven, Aunt,

I believe we all in Italy are mad!

People against nobles, nobles 'gainst the people,

Cities all striving to cut each other's throat,

That foreign realms may rule us: all stark mad!

And have been ever since the Roman fall.

Is it so long since Dante Alighieri,

A man, beyond all computation, worth

Ten thousand Bondelmonti and Uberti,

And whose great voice shall thunder through all time,

Stirring the pulse of millions yet to be,

In climes where not a syllable shall sound

Of Salimbene's name, dead on the page

Of histories scarcely read, — unless some bard

Should rake our ashes for a playhouse-theme

And make them live an hour, — is 't many weeks

Since Dante, by a faction driven abroad,

Died mournfully in exile? Where 's to end

This tyranny of party? this upstirring

Of blood by brother's blood? I 'm sick of it all.

Thou look'st astonish'd, Aunt; but in thy ear

I only tell thee what is hourly thought

By some of our best men, and when the Nine

Begin to totter, as they must ere long,



Some ev'n of our own name will join the hunt,  
Not Piccolomini and Malavolti only,  
And, with the Tolomei, chase these wolves  
Out of Siena.<sup>25</sup>

*Domicil.* And with the Tolomei?

I never thought to see this day!

*Ippol.* Why not?

Interest makes stranger matches; and we have seen  
The White and Black change colors in Firenze.  
This tyrant body, detested by the people  
Whose guardians they profess to be, shall they  
Be lov'd by us of the better class, whose rights  
They have dash'd to shivers? What they now have done  
To Carlo Montanino they might do  
To me some day, were I as poor as he.  
Fancy me, Aunt, as desolate as he,  
Then wrong'd as he. Thou wouldst not praise the act?

*Domicil.* O no, it was base! I do not love the Nine:

They were not made in my day. But, my boy,  
Speak not so boldly! These vile, upstart men,  
Have now the power. For my sake ——

*Ippol.* Well, I won't.

But do have charity for poor Montanino!

And his sweet sister —— [*checks himself, while Cornelia,  
stepping behind her aunt, makes  
him a signal of caution.*]

*Domicil.* Well, my love, I see,  
Thou and Cornelia still will contradict me,  
And so I'll leave you for some dumb affairs

That claim my overlooking. [*looking off the scene.*

Coming, Lisa. —

I 'll give thee such a meal! [*going.*

*Ippol.* [*detaining her.*

But season it, do,

With charity for Carlo, and Angel' — [*checking himself.*

And his young sister!

*Domicil.* Ah! in my young day —

*Ippol.* In thy young day, young fellows lov'd their aunts

As well as they do now. At least, I 'm sure,

If they were such as thou art, Aunt Docilla,

They must have lov'd them spite of all their whims

Of olden days. [*hugging her.*

*Domicil.* Ippol'to! Ippoltino!

[*patting him on the cheek.*

Thou mak'st a fool of me. But in my day,

When I was young, why surely then the times

Were not the olden days. Well, well, I hope,

The Montanino will deserve thy pity.

I 'm sure I wish the young man no great harm.

[*Exit.*

*Cornel.* Thou hast mollified her hugely, artful brother!

But had she got an inkling of thy love!

*Ippol.* I had not car'd. She must ere long.

*Cornel.* Have patience.

*Ippol.* Now tell me of Angelica. How is she?

What does, where is, how looks she? Speak, Cornelia!

*Cornel.* Were it a time to trifle, I would tease thee

By the hour on those questions: that I would!

I have seen her only twice. 'T was at the Duomo,  
At mass. Angelica look'd anxious, pale,  
But beautiful as usual, quite an angel,  
As thou and some more fools pretend to think her  
Only because her name imports as much.

*Ippol.* Oh yes! But thou 'rt an angel too, Cornelia,  
Without the name. [*embracing her.*]

*Cornel.* No, I 'm the Roman matron :  
My jewel is my brother. Keep away !

[*as he again hugs her.*]

*Ippol.* Well said. One day the gem shall be reset.

*Cornel.* Methought she look'd more lovely for her sorrow ;  
So touching-sad, it almost made me weep.

*Ippol.* Thou darling girl! [*embracing and kissing her repeatedly.*]

*Cornel.* Nay, art thou getting mad ?  
Was Aunt then right, and wilt thou make thee gay  
Over thy enemy's ruin ? So, one's misfortune  
Makes others' happiness.

*Ippol.* No, rather, sister,  
'T is sunshine looking brighter for the clouds.

*Cornel.* She goes to the prison daily, sometimes twice :  
The Signory puts no restraint on that.  
Now thou must know our Nello has a fancy  
For Monna Angela's maid. —

*Ippol.* Aha, my general!  
And so —

*Cornel.* I learn what happens in poor Carlo's cell.

*Ippol.* Is it for Carlo's sake ? Don't blush, Cornelia !

*Cornel.* I have no cause. It is for thine, believe me,

And pity only.

*Ippol.* Yes, I do believe thee.

But pity is a dangerous feeling too  
For a fine fellow in a woman's heart,  
A heart at least like thine; and oft we end  
By loving what has cost us pains to cherish.  
Take care!

*Cornel.* Nay, never fear: I will not throw  
My heart away, believe, without knowing where:  
One mad one in the family 's quite enough.  
Now Barbara and Nello do much better:  
They talk together, and quarrel I suppose.

*Ippol.* Ay! 't is well turn'd: but have a care, for all:

When least we think to slip, then most we fall.

*Cornel.* 'T is a fair rhyme. Thou hast had experience too.

*Ippol.* 'T is rhyme with reason then; and that will do.

But oh, my light heart! jesting at this time!

What of the prison? What keeps Carlo there?

*Cornel.* His friends refuse to aid him, in the dread  
Of being implicated.

*Ippol.* Coward souls!

How bitter-sharp the pang of such a wound!

*Cornel.* One of our precious Signors, Ser Beccari,  
Had offer'd for his pretty farm in Strove  
A thousand florins. Now he will not give  
But seven hundred.

*Ippol.* Oh the base-born cur!

One of his father's dogs had had more heart!

What will the doom'd man do?

*Cornel.* He still defers,  
Though daily by his sister urg'd to sell.

*Ippol.* And, so deferring, must embrace at last  
That hound Beccari's insolent offer, and beg  
A loan of the rest, perhaps too late!

*Cornel.* My brother,  
I hope I have not done wrong. Through Antonello,  
I caus'd her maid to lay upon her table  
A hundred florins. —

*Ippol.* Ah! [*taking her hand.*  
And she received them,  
Knowing from whom?

*Cornel.* No, Barbara was true,  
I know from the result. Her lady thinks  
Bertuccio Arrigucci sent the gold.

*Ippol.* Bertuccio Arrigucci would not give  
A single florin to save a score of lives!  
And never gave in the dark. — Go on.

*Cornel.* I had  
Two hundred left of my allowance, and thinking  
I but forestall'd thy wishes, yester eve,  
Ere the poor lady with her lonely maid  
Was come from their sad visit, closely veil'd  
I sought old Gianni, Montanino's porter. —

*Ippol.* Darling! [*pressing the hand he still holds.*  
But why thyself?

*Cornel.* I could not trust  
Any but Nello; and he had been known.  
Angelica had forbidden, under pain

Of sure dismissal, her woman to receive  
Anything further from an unknown source.

*Ippol.* Right! And old Gianni? —

*Cornel.* Hardly was persuaded,  
And put queer questions, scanning me all over  
As if he would remember me, and wanted  
To set his cross to some receipt. But finally  
His love for the house prevail'd, and shaking long  
His stubborn head, he took the "partial aid  
From unknown friends." Now brother, Carlo having  
Beccari's offer, his ransom is complete.

*Ippol.* [*embracing tenderly his sister.*

How I do love thee!

*Cornel.* Is 't but now found out?  
Love me, Ippol'to, 'only half so well  
As Carlo is said to love his beauteous sister,  
I am the first of women.

*Ippol.* I can but half,  
For half of my love already is that sister's.

*Cornel.* But half? That's much for a lover! — Come away:  
Aunt looks for us.

*Ippol.* And time it is, I was rid  
Of all this dust. — I am happy and sad at once.  
My poor Angelica! But, ah dear Cornelia!

*His arm about her tenderly, they go up the stage,*

*and Scene closes.*

## SCENE III.

*The Place of the Fountain, as in Act I. Sc. III.*

BECCARI and GIACOMO.

*Giac.* Ay, but I say thou hast! cajol'd me vilely.

I am no butcher: [*Beccari scowls at him.*]

for a thousand florins

I had not perill'd young Montanino's life.

Thou mad'st me think it was to get the farm.

*Becc.* And so it was. Why don't he sell it then?

I bid him fairly.

*Giac.* Seven hundred florins!

It is to ruin him.

*Becc.* [*coldly.*] That is not my fault.

*Giac.* Hast thou no bowels?

*Becc.* I have had for thee.

*Giac.* No, by St. John! but for thy niggard self.

Thou shalt not let the Montanino die.

I will report thee.

*Becc.* Wilt thou? And thyself?

Come, come, be less a fool. If for Camilla

Thou hast no care, have some for thy own sake.

*Report me!* ME! And if thy likely tale

Be credited, where wilt thou be? Besides,  
 I call upon thee then for reimbursement.  
 Five hundred golden florins: mark thou that!  
 And on the nail! five hundred golden Johns! <sup>28</sup>  
 Now go, report me. [*Exit.*]

*Giac.* Cursed, cursed vice!

To make me thus a villain's senseless tool!  
 Me, gentle born, an unresisting slave!  
 The blood of innocence is on my soul;  
 And yet I dare not wipe it off. Dare not?  
 Let me but see. [*pondering.*]

Some other means — O devil!

Devil of gaming. From the hell whereto  
 Thou hast brought me, let me once but struggle out,  
 Once breathe again the fresher wholesome air  
 Of really human life! —

*He has taken his hat off, in the heat and agitation of  
 the moment, to wipe his brow, — at the words, "Devil of  
 gaming," striking passionately his forehead with his clenched  
 fist, — and now thrusts out his arm at its full  
 length, the fist still folded, while  
 he walks rapidly to the  
 right, when*

*Enter from the right, with her pitcher,*

BARBARA.

*She sees the movement.*

*Barb.* Lord! what's the matter?

Why, Messer Giacomo, thou 'rt rather worse



Than Messer Gasparo was, an hour ago,  
Before my lady.

*Giac.* [*starting.*

Hah! What 's that of Gasparo?  
Speak'st thou of Gasparo Beccari, dear?

[*chucking her under the chin.*

*Barb.* Come, you are all alike, you naughty men!  
That 's Messer Gasparo's way: he 's making love  
To everybody too, to me at once  
And to my lady!

*Giac.* And to thy lady too?  
But that's no wonder. Since he has a taste  
For such a tempting bit of flesh as thou, —  
And, 'faith, thou 'rt devilish pretty — [*kissing her.*

*Barb.* Go away!

*Giac.* And plump as a quail — [*hugging her. She affects to be  
angry, and beats him off.*

I say, I do not wonder  
He has an eye for thy mistress; ye are two  
Such buds of beauty. [*again kissing her.*

*Barb.* [*coquetting, to conceal her satisfaction*  
Come now, that 's too good!  
Me and my mistress! Why we 're no more like  
Than pinks and sunflowers!

*Giac.* Did I say, alike?  
Now that 's the very thing; since, devil take me,  
I 'd rather smell to a dainty pink like thee, [*attempting to  
kiss her again. She coyly repels him.*  
Than gaze at any sunflower like thy lady.

Though, tastes will differ! Yet, I can't believe  
Beccari ever did; thou 'rt such a puss!

*Barb.* Am I indeed! And don't you then believe!

Well, I can tell you, he offer'd her his fortune,  
And talk'd of passion-like any other man.

What though he 's of the Signory, is he not  
A man of bones and blood? He try'd it hard,  
And offer'd to redeem my master's life ——

*Giac.* Why dost thou stop?

*Barb.* Because I talk too fast.

I had no right to tell you this.

*Giac.* No right?

A pretty girl like thee may tell a lover

Just what she likes: it's all between the two.

*Barb.* Yes, but you 're not my lover, Messer Giac'mo.

*Giac.* A'n't I! I have been any time six months.

I'll prove it, an' thou 'lt let me. [*arm about her.*]

*Barb.* Get away!

You 're a Messere; and you make such love

As I don't want. Besides, I don't love you.

*Giac.* Bah, now, that 's cruel! — Did Gasparo Beccari

Offer to save thy master, for the hand

Of Monna Angelica? I don't believe it! Thou hast  
Misheard; this pretty ear 's too small. [*toying with it.*]

*Barb.* Let it alone! it serves me well enough.

Didn't I hear him offer at her feet

To lay his fortune, if she would lift it up,

And him with it?

*Giac.* That was pretty. And what said she?

*Barb.* Said? We are Montanini. [*affecting grandeur.*

Take up, she,

A butcher's son, although he be a Signor!

She walk'd away — we both of us walk'd away,

And bade him find the door out for himself.

There now. But — [*looking off, to the left.*

go away, you devil! — go! —

I must for my water. [*Goes up to the fountain.*

*GIACOMO turns off at the right, exclaiming exultingly, but  
in a smother'd voice, and with clenched hand,*

*Giac.* Aha! I have thee now!

[*Exit Giac., — while*

*Enter, simultaneously, from the left,*

ANTONELLO.

*Anton.* [*jerking Barb. by the elbow, while she affects to be busy  
dipping.*

Was n't that Messer Gradenata, with thee?

*Barb.* [*without turning.*

No, saucy! Say it was, what 's that to thee?

*Anton.* Much, if thou please; as little, an' thou like.

*Barb.* [*raising her pitcher to her head. He does not offer to  
help her.*

I suppose I may speak to just what folk I choose.

*Anton.* All 's one to Antonello! [*walking off whistling.*

\* Only then

Thou sha'n't choose me. I should n't like my wife  
To pick up such wild gentlemen, that 's all.

*Barb.* [*who has come forward* —

*setting down the pitcher and crying.*

O dear! O dear! And never offer'd either  
To lift for me my *brocca*.

*Anton.* [*who has come back.*] — Did n't know

Thou need'st it — put it on thyself, and down,  
As if 't was easy. Barba! Come, don't cry:  
Folks 'll be wondering. Kiss, and let 's forgive.

*Barb.* I do not want to kiss and to forgive.

There 's plenty of men to kiss without forgiving.  
Let me go, Nello: Monna Gelica 's gone  
Alone to the prison: I must go after her:  
'T is time I went.

*Anton.* A kiss won't take much time.

*Barb.* I 've had enough of kissing.

*Anton.* Hast thou so?

Your humble servant, Donna Gradenata!

Monna Cornelia gets no news to-day. [*Exit.*

*Barb.* [*looks after him a moment in surprise, drying her tears.*

*Then calling.*

Nello! — Anto! — No, I won't, won't call him!  
He ought to know I love him, and don't love  
That saucy gentleman. But I 'll plague his heart out!  
It 's a pretty thing a body can't have eyes  
And use them handsomely, without being huff'd!  
Won't he come back? [*looking anxiously to the left.*

O dear! O dear! I 'll go

Straight home and cry them out. I— No, I won't!  
He sha'n't see that I mind him, if I burst.

*Takes up the vessel again and Exit, looking  
back and wiping her eyes.*

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SCENE IV.

*The Prison.*

CARLO. ANGELICA.

*Carlo.* And now, dear Angela, for this happy news.

*Angel.* Thou know'st I told thee of the hundred florins. —

*Carlo.* Who can it be? Bertuccio, after all?

*Angel.* I went to him. He color'd, but said nothing,  
And steadily refus'd to take them back.

Last night I found two hundred more, which Gianni  
Had been seduc'd to receive as partial aid  
From friends unknown ('t was thus the message ran.)  
A lady closely veil'd, of noble form,  
And seeming young, and of most gentle speech,  
Deliver'd it, so he said.

*Carlo.* Perhaps Rugiero,  
Bertuccio's son's, young wife. She 's of the blood,  
Thou knowest, of Sozzo Deì.

*Angel.* It might well be :  
But Gianni's prying eyes had found her out.  
Some noble friend, more likely, of our cousin's,  
Whom he has chosen to mask his generous deed.

*Carlo.* 'T was nobly done. I can forgive his fears.

*Angel.* And now then, Carlo, thou canst leave this den.  
Take Ser Beccari's offer. For Bertuccio,  
We can repay him at our leisure.

*Carlo.* How ?  
By utter ruin. Angelica, hear me. No !  
I will not so abuse my sacred trust.  
When our dead parents left thee in my hands,  
My dearest treasure, as my only joy,  
They did not mean, our father could not think,  
I should so far forget my honor and them  
As for a selfish end, in any way,  
To lessen the slender means their woes had left  
To keep thee in the state where thou wast born.  
'T is little enough as 't is, Heaven knows, to save  
That sweet head from depression, and that heart  
From disappointment and the natural pang  
Of wounded pride. I will not make it less.  
Sell we the farm, the money paid the State,  
The palace must be set to public sale.  
Forc'd on the mart, 't is little it will bring.  
Bertuccio takes three hundred, and the rest

To what land will it bear us? Stript of rank,  
An exile from thy father's home, reduc'd  
To a mere competence or vulgar toil,  
Is this the love I promis'd, this the care  
Our mother gave thee to? Thou shalt not suffer,  
Angelica, for my fault.

*Angel.* 'T is not thy fault;  
'T is Heaven's high will. What matters where we dwell?  
Art thou not with me? Am I not with thee?  
Come, Carlo! come, my brother! come, my love!  
Is there a place beneath the broad blue Heaven  
Shall not be Paradise, so thou art there?  
Is all Siena aught, while thou art here?

*Carlo.* O my soul's life! — But say not, Heaven's will:  
Heaven wills not crime. — I have not told thee. Pondering,

In my lone hours, these twelve days' dismal past,  
It struck me that that bold bad man Beccari,  
Having set his heart upon our pretty farm,  
Plotted this charge, to force me to his terms.  
Why start'st thou, and turn'st pale? So think'st thou too?  
Speak, my heart's darling!

*Angel.* So I thought but then.

I —

*Carlo.* What hast thou? Thou castest down thine eyes.  
There is some secret cause why thou so think'st.

*Angel.* Brother, I meant not to distress thee. Therefore only  
I would not speak. Be calm. The Ser Beccari  
Offer'd this day to give thee back to freedom

So I would — yield to him my maiden hand.

*CARLO stands for a moment as if thunderstruck —*

*ANGELICA gazing on him silently with a  
look of awe. Then :*

*Carlo.* This passes all the woes that I have borne.

*Another, but briefer pause.*

*Lifting solemnly his hands :]*

God, who o'errulest all! canst thou look down  
And see this villain triumph, and his victims,  
His innocent victims stretch their hands in vain?

*He pauses again briefly, looking earnestly on his  
sister. Then, solemnly, taking her hand.*

Angelica, thou canst not ask me now  
To traffic with that man on any terms;  
Not did he offer me ten thousand down!  
I am resolv'd. I will not sell the farm.  
It is my duty; and for thy dear sake  
Gladly I render up a useless life.  
Thou 'lt find with good Bertuccio an asylum.  
This he may yield thee easily without fear  
Of implication. Nor for aught beside  
Shalt thou be owing. The palace and the farm  
Will be for thee a dower —

*Angel.* Stop, Carlo, stop!

Hast thou but thought of me, without thyself,  
As if I could be separated? No!  
If thou wilt die — I too am ready, I.



The axe indeed will not destroy my life;

But ——

*Carlo.* [*pressing her closely to his breast.*]

Sister! — dearest sister! — Peace! O peace!

Do not speak thus! I yet will think of means.

Yet there is hope; yet, yet. Has not Bertuccio

Provided secretly thus much? Perchance

He will advance the rest a similar way,

And save that sacrifice, which for thy sake,

Thine only, have I shunn'd. — Dry up thy tears —

[*kissing them from her eyes.*]

Where now is Barbara? The night comes on.

*Angel.* I bade her come for me, and wait without.

*Carlo.* Adieu, now.

[*He taps at the door, which is opened as before.*]

Waits the girl there?

*Jailer.* [*at the sill.*] Yes, Messere.

*Angel.* [*embracing Carlo passionately — and with broken voice.*]

Adieu, my brother! — Wilt thou? —

*Carlo.* [*kissing her on the forehead.*] Yes, hope, hope.

[*Exit Angel. and door closes.*]

Hope? And when hope is gone, which now fast lessens,

Like the red light of the descended sun,

What then? Shall I bring down that angel nature

Unto a mean condition, to save a life

Which has so little pleasure, and, her except,

No real tie? She will die with me? So

She firmly thinks; but her high moral sense

And trust in God assure her from self-murder,

And the rack'd heart is tougher than she thinks.  
And better it is she should remember me  
With sorrow and sad love, than see through me  
Her scanty means of life made scantier still  
To extend my weary being. Yes! it shall cease.  
Forgive me, Heaven, the sin of this deceit;  
The sole, I hope, has ever stain'd these lips!

*He leans against the side-scene,  
as if looking sadly on the fading twilight, and*

*Scene closes.*

## ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I. *As in Act I. Sc. II.*

GIACOMO. CAMILLA.

*Giac.* Thou hast the story now. Why art thou dumb?  
Did I not tell thee, Gasparo would jilt thee?

*Camil.* [*with deep expression.*]

He has not done it, though.

*Giac.* No, by St. Paul!

And shall not! I have that will bring him straight,  
Were he bent twice as crooked as he is.

*Camil.* Thou? What hast thou to do with it? Mind thou,  
Wilt thou, thy own affairs.

*Giac.* I have. Beccari,  
If he would make a fool of thee, has made  
A — Hum! —

*Camil.* A rogue of thee, thou mean'st.

*Giac.* Thou art,  
Deuse take thee! a shrewd guesser; but thy thoughts  
Go not to the depth of this affair.

*Camil.* What then  
Has Gasparo done to thee?

*Giac.* To me done nothing —  
More than to thee; he has made of me a fool.

But through me has done — what, by St. Paul!  
He shall undo, if it should cost me — [*checks himself.*

*Camil.* [*after regarding him*

*fixedly a moment.*] Come!

Giacomo dear, dost think Camilla blind,  
Because she can be dumb at times? Thou 'rt seldom  
Cheerful or complaisant —

*Giac.* Don't mince it; say

I am moody and harsh-spoken; and I am.

God knows I have cause! My cursed luck — What  
then?

*Camil.* These three days past, thou hast been much more than  
moody,

Savage in thy moroseness; thy fierce eyes,  
Sullen and bloodshot, dart at times strange fire,  
And thy clench'd hands keep motion with thy lips,  
Which fold on one another as thy teeth  
Gnash in thy passion, and thy lowering brows  
Are knit together. Often too by night —

*Giac.* Wilt thou have done? curse on thee! Are my veins  
Swollen with water, that I should know thy wrongs,  
And feel I am too far bounden to Beccari  
To dare resent them; am I less, I say,  
Or more than man that I should brook this insult,  
And not be tortur'd?

*Camil.* Am I less than woman,

That I may not be trusted to avenge  
My own hurt pride? If 't is not water swells  
Thy veins, good brother, mine are not of milk.

The same blood boils beneath my softer skin  
 As flushes thine ; and, credit me, my nerves  
 Give quite as keen perception. So, I say,  
 'T is not alone my wrongs, but something more  
 Rouses the tiger of thy savage mood.  
 " Done *through* thee ? — what he shall undo ? "

What 's that ?

Let the beast sleep again, or make me know,  
 Who was whelp'd with thee, what the blood thou snuff'st  
 In the tainted air ?

*Giac.* [*with his usual scoffing laugh.*

Thy metaphors are choice.

It is the tiger, is it not, that lurks  
 For innocent blood ? Curse on the knave Beccari !

*He takes a step or two, to and fro,*

*CAMILLA watching him steadily from under her brows.*

I 'll tell thee thus much. Messer Provenzano  
 Salvani, who, some fifty years ago,  
 Was Governor in Siena, and himself  
 Did much what Messer Gasparo Beccari  
 As a ninth part of the government now would do,  
 Being told by the Devil his head should be the highest  
 Of all the host at the battle of Valdelsa,  
 Thought he should conquer, and — Thou hast heard  
 the tale.

*Camil.* The Florentines cut off his head and bore it

On a lance's point over all the field.<sup>27</sup> What next ?

*Giac.* Where is thy "keen perception ?" 'T is the Devil  
 Dupes the ninth fraction of the government now.

He may give his head for another's: that is all.

*Camil.* Thou hast said enough to damn thee, brother Giacomo,  
Say'st thou not more. Say on.

*Giac.* Could I but trust thee!

O! it were such relief to uncloak this secret  
Which gnaws into my vitals! to obtain  
The assistance of thy cunning to o'erreach him,  
And save the innocent blood!

*Camil.* The innocent blood?  
Has he then tempted thee to do a murder?  
Or does it through thee?

*GIACOMO walks apart, with signs of violent emotion.*

— But it is thy secret.  
Thou need'st not tell it. I have heard enough.  
Only — *[affecting to go.]*

*Giac.* 'T is better to tell all, or none:  
This thou wouldst say. 'T is right. Camilla, stop!  
Time presses: what I would do, must be done  
On the instant. *[Pauses and grasps her hand.]*

Messer Carlo Montanino —

*GIACOMO stops. CAMILLA, gazing a moment on  
his working features, suddenly flings off his  
hand with horror.*

*Camil.* — This day must suffer on an unprov'd charge.  
I see it all! Wast thou the accursed wretch  
That swore away his innocent life? For what?  
That from his ruin the fiend of Hell, Beccari,

Might put another in thy sister's place?  
Was it for money thou didst it? Doubly Judas!  
Go buy a cord, and hang thyself: thou art not  
Fit to live. [*Goes up the stage towards the door.*]

*Giac.* Camilla! — Woman! — Stop! <sup>28</sup>  
Think'st thou to carry it thus? My heart 's as strong,  
Or stronger than thy own; my will shall be  
Quite as imperious, if thou mak'st me use  
The rights I have by nature and by justice.  
Justice, I say. What! darest thou to believe  
I sold the Montanino's blood? First, hear me;  
Then play the tyrant. The hell-knave, Beccari,  
Made me to think it was but Carlo's farm  
He coveted, and, pandering to my wants,  
Craftily brib'd me to that step should force him  
To sell 't. I had no thought — thou shalt not think it!  
To put his life in peril. And now I go  
To save it at the peril of my own.

*Camil.* Stop thou in turn. This is all true?

*Giac.* By Heaven!

Tak'st thou me for a villain unredeem'd,  
Like thy damn'd suitor, because I have given my soul  
To the hell-lust of gaming? Thou shalt see.

[*again turning to go.*]

*Camil.* What wilt thou do?

*Giac.* Go straightway to the tempter,  
And force him on the instant pay the fine,  
Or at once hand him over, and myself,  
To the tribunal.

*Camil.* And thus ruin both. —

What dost thou owe him ?

*Giac.* Five hundred florins.

*Camil.* The wretch !

He had set his heart indeed upon 't, to bribe  
So largely.

*Giac.* 'T is my debt entire.

*Camil.* No matter

How vilely 't was incurr'd, thou ow'st it; he  
His hand to me. Accuse him, and thou lovest  
Thy sister's husband, and thyself must pay —  
How wilt thou pay it ?

*Giac.* O devil ! there 's the chain  
Has bound me to his enginery !

*Camil.* I 'll file it,

And with the servant set the victim free.

*Giac.* Servant ? Thou 'rt bitter ! Let it pass. But him !  
How wilt thou do it ?

*Camil.* Leave that to me. Enough,  
Thou hast my word. I 'll do it.

*Giac.* But on the instant !

Goes the sun down, the penalty unpaid —  
There 's but an hour now left !

*Camil.* It is enough :

Gasparo will be here within ten minutes.

*Giac.* And thou wilt save young Montanino ? Swear it !

*Camil.* I swear it by high Heaven ! He shall not die.

*Giac.* [*exultingly.*]

He shall not die ! — But work thou well, and quickly.



I go to the Place, to wait the fatal hour.  
If the bell toll and Carlo be led forth,  
I'll shout my guilt in public, and the axe,  
If fall it must, shall fall on me, not him.

*Camil.* It shall not need: nor his blood, nor thy own  
Shall fleck the sand. I swear it! Go in peace.

*Giac.* O what a load is off my breast! I breathe.  
I do not smell of blood now. Let me hug thee.  
'T is the first time I've done it since I was man.  
He shall not die! Thou'lt save him! Thou wilt save him!

[*Exit Giac.*

*CAMILLA looks after him thoughtfully a moment, then,  
with brows knitted and hands clenched:*

*Camil.* Yes, I will save him. But not as thou dost think.  
I'll save him by the law. This villain Gasparo  
Shall not wrong *me*. — My brother is involv'd.  
What then? Shall I be balk'd of my revenge?  
Shall Justice too be thwarted in her right  
Because of kin? He has sown: so let him reap.  
It shall avail to mitigate his punishment  
That he has sought to save the Montanino,  
And had no thought to bring him unto death.

[*Goes rapidly up to the door,*

*and Scene closes.*

## SCENE II.

*In the Palazzo Salimbeni.*

*Ippolito's Cabinet.*

IPPOLITO *before a table on which stands a  
casket, apparently of oak, richly  
carved in half-relief.*

*Ippol.* The hour approaches. There is left no time  
To think what should be, or of other plans  
Might stead him better, were there only time  
To shape and weigh them. It is wondrous strange  
Angelica's brother should set less by life  
Than fortune. Young, and capable, with life,  
He might redeem it; but — Why! none but fools,  
Grown desperate, fling away both end and means,  
And, in a sort of childish spite with fortune,  
Will none of life because they cannot hold it  
On their own terms! He is no wayward child,  
No moody lack-brain. They who know him best  
Make him high-minded, resolute, severe,  
With an exalted fancy that exaggerates  
The claims of love and duty, and a sense  
Of honor like a Roman's of old time,  
Ere Rome was yet an Emperor's or a Pope's.  
He has some serious aim. His known devotion  
To his young sister, — and even for that my heart,  
For that, yearns towards him — Ay! it must be so!

He means upon the altar of his love  
To offer his young life! Thou self-bound Isaac!  
There shall not want a ram to take thy place!  
These idle ducats ——

*About to open the casket, pauses, and  
turns round again.*

But what will he think?

What will the world think? Think I mean to shame him,  
Bound with the fetters of a twofold debt,  
Of money and life, to his ancestral foe.  
Or haply —— No! that were a villain's thought,  
Not Montanino's. No! Think what he will,  
He shall not think me heartless, as his friends  
And mother's kin have prov'd. And thou, Angelica! ——

*Unlocks and proceeds to open the casket  
as Scene closes.*

## SCENE III.

*The Prison.*

CARLO. ANGELICA.

BARBARA *near the door.*

*Angel.* No hope! no hope! The hour draws nigh! My brother!  
My brother, on my knees, [*kneeling and embracing his knees.*

I pray have pity,

Have pity on thyself alike and me.

*Carlo.* [*endeavoring to raise her.*

It is, Angelica, that I have pity,

Have pity on myself alike and thee,

I am thus stubborn. Wouldst thou have me live

To see thee less than Nature made thee be,

And Heaven ordain'd?

*Angel.* I never shall be less,

Be what I may, than Heaven did ordain.

Has thou not heard, that to the fleeceless lamb

The wind is temper'd?

*Carlo.* But the shepherd sees

A murrain thin his flock, nor does the wolf

Flesh his sharp tooth the less because his prey

Is undefended. In Bertuccio's fold,

Thy guarded fleece will keep its silky flocks

Safe from the wayside briers of the world.

Rise up, fair lamb.

*Angel.* No; here I rest. Is this,  
Carlo, is this thy promise? Thou didst say  
Thou 'dst think of other means. Thou bad'st me hope.  
Thou mad'st me think thou 'dst seek for other aid  
From good Bertuccio. But for this, myself,  
Myself had sought it, begg'd it on my knees.

*Carlo.* And begg'd in vain.

*Angel.* As I do now — for mercy;  
For mercy, cruel Carlo, for myself,  
From thee, my only brother, who I thought  
Once lov'd me only.

*Carlo.* Once? Once lov'd thee? Once?  
Is my blood — must I say it? — which I pour  
Freely — O never pagan priest yet pour'd  
From the bound victim's veins a freer stream,  
Than that I scatter gladly from my own  
For thy sole sake! —

*Angel.* It is not thy own blood;  
It is our father's. In thy single stem  
Flows all the sap of our three-hundred years.  
What right hast thou to let it out at once,  
And raze the Montanino to the ground?  
Last scion of the parent tree, stand up,  
And wave thy yet green boughs, and blossom still,  
As God commands!

*Carlo.* Angelica! cease! cease!  
Make not what I deem'd virtue seem a crime;  
Call not our father's spirit to the block;  
Name me not parricide of all my race.

Thou art my sister, and should'st smooth that way  
I thought to tread so lightly, and must tread.

'T is now too late. See there! [*pointing off the scene as to  
the setting sun.*]

*Angel.* 'T is not too late! [*start-  
ing to her feet.*]

Let me go, brother! Do not hold me!

*Carlo.* Go?

Whither? Before thou reach—— *Suddenly.*] Yes, go;  
go quickly. [*kissing her passionately, and straining  
her in his embrace.*]

*Angel.* [*takes both his hands in hers, and looking him steadily  
in the face, and with solemnity.*]

Carlo, my brother, thou hast deceiv'd me once:

'T was the sole falsehood ever stain'd thy lips.

Thou mean'st to spare me now the final pang,

And have no parting. Is it so?

*The bolts of the door are heard to be withdrawn.*

What 's that? [*wildly.*]

They are come! they are come to fetch thee! O my God!

*hanging on him with both arms — but her eyes  
straining fixed upon the door,*

*which opens, and*

*Enter, unattended, the CAPTAIN of the Guard.*

*BARBARA comes forward.*

*Capt.* It is my happiness to inform Messere,

The penalty is paid, and he is free.

ANGELICA, *relaxing her hold,*  
*falls without a sound into the arms of BARBARA.*

Carlo. By whom? Who is it?

Capt. I know not. This is all.

[*pointing to the warrant*  
*which he holds open.*

Carlo. Bertuccio! How shall we? — Angelica! [*turning*  
*rapidly.*

Hear'st thou?

Capt. Messer', she has fainted from excess of joy.

CARLO *takes ANGELICA in his arms.*

BARBARA *goes hastily to a water-jug which stands on a table in*  
*the background, and is seen coming forward with it, —*  
*the JAILER advancing a step into the cell, and the CAPTAIN*  
*standing by ANGELICA'S feet with a look of respectful*  
*sympathy, — as*  
*the Drop falls.*

## ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I. *As in Act I. Scene IV.*

CARLO. ANGELICA.

BARBARA — *in the act of leaving :*ANGELICA *looking towards her, as waiting her departure ;*CARLO, *with arms folded and eyes on the ground.* — *Exit BARBARA.*

*Angel.* And now, my brother. [*Carlo takes her hand and gazes earnestly and mournfully in her face.*

But thou seem'st not glad.

*Carlo.* [*after a moment's silence — still gazing on her.*

No, I am sore oppress'd. Though free, I am bound ;

Bounden forever, save thou loose the chain.

*Angel.* What canst thou mean ? How deadly pale thou look'st !

*Carlo.* It is my desperate purpose makes me pale,

And the long pang it cost me to resolve.

*Angel.* I heard thee pace thy chamber to and fro,

And wonder'd, Carlo, what should make thee linger,

Knowing my longing to receive thy news.

*Carlo.* And when thou hear'st it ! —

[*He pauses and again looks her gravely in the face.*

*Angel.* Hast thou seen him ?

*Carlo.* Whom ?

*Angel.* Our cousin, surely. Was 't not Arrigucci



Thou went'st to see? thy saviour, Carlo — mine?

*Carlo.* Would that he werè! I were then less perplex'd.

I saw him not. There was no need. Last night,  
When Arrigucci came not, though I felt  
'T was modesty perhaps that kept him back  
When others wish'd me joy, who was the source  
Of our great happiness, or fear again  
To be committed with the tyrannous Nine,  
Yet — thou hast heard me say — my mind misgave me,  
And better seem'd it me to wait till morn,  
Till the fisc open'd, to learn who really was  
My generous liberator. —

*Angel.* [*who has listen'd full of wonderment,  
now eagerly.*]

And thou hast learn'd?

*Carlo.* [*his eyes still fixed on Angel.*]

The Chancellor told me Salimbene's self,  
Ippolito Salimbene paid the fine,  
With his own hand. Why how thou pal'st, my sister!  
And now, thy face is burning! while thine eyes  
Gleam satisfaction through their tears!

[*Angel. throws herself on his neck and hides her confusion.*]

Is 't so?

Wouldst thou then rather it were Salimbene  
Than Arrigucci?

*Angel.* [*lifting her head instantly.*]

No, no, Carlo, no!

Rather 't were almost any one than he.

*Carlo.* And so would I.

*Angel.* Yet 't was a noble act.

*Carlo.* Ay, truly so! My enemy did for me  
 What none of my friends would do; the heir of those  
 Who spent my father's race, lifts up from death  
 The last male scion of that hated stock,  
 Which, dead in me, would never more put forth  
 Or fruit or flower to bear the hostile name.  
 'T would wash him snow-white, were he spotted o'er  
 With twice two centuries of my foresires' blood!

*[Angel. looks admiringly through her tears.]*

How well that dew becomes thee! Dry it not;  
 Such Heaven sprinkles on its angels' eyes  
 When they applaud in silence good men's deeds;  
 And such is Salimbene. O my sister!  
 I fear thou wilt shed other tears anon,  
 Bitter as these are sweet.

*Angel.* What 's on thy heart?

*Carlo.* The weight of obligation, which makes dull  
 Its glad pulsations. How shall we repay him?

*Angel.* With our life's service.

*Carlo.* Even so I mean:

And that in earnest. [*with same expression — regarding  
 her fixedly.*]

Art thou then prepar'd

To be his servitor, as I shall be?

*Angel.* What means that emphasis? Why that fixed look?  
 Speak out thy purpose, brother.

*Carlo.* Salimbene

Loves thee, my sister. — Over all thy face

The rose supplants the lily. 'T is the hue  
Not of displeasure, Angela; and my heart  
Trembles to feel the sacrifice it makes  
May be to thee too easy.

*Angel.* What is that?

Why shouldst thou think that Salimbene —

[*embarrassed.*] Why,

Why with imputed selfishness of thought  
Stain his brave action?

*Carlo.* 'T is not to be selfish

To owe the impulsion to a generous deed  
To some deep-cherish'd feeling. No base love  
Prompts to great action, and an enemy's life  
Sav'd to win favor in the sister's heart  
Is still high inspiration. Salimbene  
Loves thee, Angelica, and for thee alone  
Has done thus bravely. 'T is with thee alone  
I can repay him.

*Angel.* Carlo! — Dost thou think? —

*Carlo.* Of the wide gulf which Fortune spreads between  
Our state and his? I do. But for that gulf  
I were not now his debtor for my life.  
Well do I know 't is not for me to offer  
What, were we even equals, he should beg.  
'T is not thy hand, my sister. Said I not  
We are his slaves? And slaves are handed over  
Without condition.

*Angel.* Speak not so dejectly.

And speak less darkly, brother. I but feel

Thou hast some solemn purpose, whose sad thought  
I read in thy pale visage and chang'd eye,  
But cannot give it shape.

*Carlo.* I would thou couldst !  
So were I spar'd some anguish.

*Angel.* O my heart !  
What canst thou mean then ?

*Carlo.* Part we with our all,  
Thou wouldst be there wherefrom to rescue thee  
I would have given my life, would give it still.  
But, could I do this, should I have the right,  
For Salimbene's sake ?

*Angel.* No, Carlo, no !  
'T would seem like flinging back the hand he tenders  
In amity, it may be in atonement  
Of our ancestral wrongs.

*Carlo.* I think not so :  
The wrong was what our sires had done to his,  
Had they been strong enough. Still, thus to act  
Would seem indeed like o'erstrain'd pride, or rancor.  
We cannot so repay him. I must give  
That which alone he covets, my sole treasure.  
It is thyself, my sister, and, alas !  
Without condition.

*Angel.* Thou dost mean ?

*Carlo.* His slave,  
To make my sister too his handmaid.

*Angel.* Never !  
'T is not my brother ! not my father's son !

Not Carlo Montanino, speaks!

*Carlo.* [mournfully] Angelica,  
Look on me. Need I? —

*Angel.* [who has gone from him a step  
indignantly, returning and throwing herself,  
weeping, on his neck.

No! remind me not!

Thou wouldst have given thy life for me. And now,  
Wouldst thou make vile and cast away forever  
What was so precious? Sorrow, and anxious thought,  
And prison-solitude, have made thee wild.  
Thou wilt sleep over this, and waken calmer.

*Carlo.* I have slept over it, and I am calm. —

Listen, my sister, — precious to me now  
More than thou ever wast, if love like mine  
Admit of increase. We had thought it much,  
Had Arrigucci privily lent us aid.  
But Salimbene, openly and bravely  
Like a true man, and in the cause of right,  
Exerts his sympathy, and defies the Nine,  
Scorning their verdict. We had ow'd him much,  
Had he through others but spent on us that sum.  
But thus to take me boldly by the hand  
As though I were a brother, to lift me up  
When others durst not look on me, to give me  
The life that but for him were gone forever,  
This noble friend, this more to me than brother,  
This re-creator, what then shall repay him?

*Angel.* Carlo! my brother!

*Carlo.* — Not my life alone.

That were not to give all I have, not give  
What is most precious in his eyes, and mine.  
But if I bid him take that for which only  
Life to me is worth living —

*Angel.* Brother! brother!

Son of my father! who art in his place, —

*[sinking on her knees before him.]*

Give not to infamy thy orphan charge!  
Sell all thou hast, let us be poor and outcast.  
I can even serve, if needful; but not here —  
Not him — not Salimbene!

*Carlo.* Be 't as thou wilt.

One way remains: it cancels not our debts,  
But makes us not to feel them. Rise, my sister.

*[endeavoring to raise her.]*

*Angel.* Carlo! wouldst break my heart?

*Carlo.* Oh Salimbene!

Hadst thou but loiter'd in thy work of love  
All were now over, by a death that seem'd  
Noble as martyrdom! but now no thought  
Of sacrifice for duty lifts the soul,  
And death's sharp agony will have tenfold horror  
In that 'tis but the severance from shame!

*Angel.* Death! And is that thy meaning?

*Carlo.* And what else

Will lift from me the load I cannot bear?

*Angel.* *[rising quickly.]*

Then let us die together. Better thus

Than live the death of infamy. Salimbene,  
Bequeath'd our heritage, will be more than paid.

*Carlo.* Of infamy, sister? Hast thou then believ'd  
That such I offer'd? I? to thee? Thou heard'st me:  
*Never base love yet prompted generous deed;*  
And such was Salimbene's. When in anguish  
To be so fetter'd, knowing no escape  
Save death from obligation, the dread thought  
Flash'd like the thunder through my prison'd soul,  
To give for all he had given the all I had —  
All he could value, — when this lurid light  
Burst on the darkness of my spirit and shook me  
With fears that made my very flesh to creep  
With a cold shivering, — though it show'd the way  
To instant freedom, I had shut my eyes  
Sitting still fetter'd, had not reason show'd  
My fears were idle, and call'd the warm glow back  
To my chill'd skin. It was a mortal ague, [*shuddering.*  
But it is over; though I still am pale.

*Angel.* Ay, deadly pale, my brother; and should be.  
Fi on this madness! It is such: no reason  
Counsels dishonor; and that wholesome terror  
That made thy man's-pulse throb, and thy warm blood  
That is so valiant chilly, trust it! 't was  
The appeal of God, thy conscience; trust it, Carlo!

*Carlo.* Thou wilt not hear me. I would say: — I thought,  
And reason'd with my terror; and my blood  
Ran free again. For well I grew assur'd  
That Salimbene would but do as I

In a like case, and rather make addition  
Unto his noble act, than dim its splendor  
By even thought of evil.

*Angel.* Then to offer  
Were but deceit. O Carlo, be thyself!  
Let not misfortune warp thy simple faith!

*Carlo.* It has not, sister. When I give thee up,  
My sole possession that has any worth  
In Salimbene's eyes, my all in mine,  
The sacrifice is perfect and sincere.  
The sense that he will not misuse the gift,  
The knowledge that his nature cannot be  
Both mean and generous, noble and debas'd,  
Strip it of all its terror and half its pain,  
But leave the act still thorough. Thou art his  
Without condition, subject to his will.

*Angel.* [*once more falling at his feet.*

Thou wilt not do it! Thou art still my brother!  
Thou wilt not soil our father's fame, and mine.  
O say thou wilt not!

*Carlo.* Not in any way.  
Nor give thee up against thy will. Be tranquil:  
My debt shall rest unpaid. [*Raises her.*

*Angel.* But then? — But then?—  
Thou dost not mean? — Thou wilt — do nothing des-  
perate?

*She holds both his hands in hers. — He releases one,  
and lays it on her shoulder.*

*Carlo.* Angelica, were my simple service, vow'd



For life to my life's creditor, enough,  
Or could I earn by any kind of work  
Sufficient to repay him, it were well.  
But there is no resource for me in toil,  
And my sole servitude would be disclaim'd,  
And, offer'd solely, seem a mere pretence,  
So certain its rejection. Shall I then  
Skulk in the noontide by my enemy's door,  
Or cower when we meet, his hopeless debtor ?  
My days are melancholy now enough,  
With even thy sunshine over me ; but then !  
In the bleak shadow of a fix'd despair,  
Dead to myself and thee ! I should go mad.  
Would that the axe had fallen in time !

*Angel.* Hush ! hush !

Thou wouldst have given thy life for me : not now  
Through me shall that dear life be darken'd over,  
By even a passing shadow of despair.

With Heaven to aid me, I will do thy bidding.

*Carlo.* No, no, not mine ! not mine ! Do thy own will.

*Angel.* And that shall be thy bidding, — ever, Carlo.

Is sacrifice for thee alone ? Shall I

Not there too be thy sister ? That poor station  
Thou wouldst have steadied with thy corpse, I now,  
To keep thee living, step from, and — Oh God !  
Must it so be, will peril even maiden fame.

*Carlo.* Think not so meanly of our generous saviour.

Thou wilt see, Angela, all will yet be well.

*Angel.* I hope so : yet I fear. Should he — abuse

The gift which —— Hark! I will not live.

*Carlo.* Nor I.

We both will go down to our father's tomb.

And better so, if Salimbene's soul

Can so defile itself: this world is then

Not worth the living in, and thou and I

Were better out of it. — But think on this.

To-morrow ——

*Angel.* No, no! take me now, at once.

Give not a moment! for — I dare not think.

*Falls on his neck. He presses her soothingly to his breast.*

*Scene closes.*

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SCENE II.

*Same as in Act II. Scene I.*

IPPOLITO. CORNELIA. DOMICILLA.

*Domicil.* Well, I 'm not sorry — nay, I am heartily glad

The young man is at large. It had been cruel

To cut his head off for so small a crime;

Although, the Montanino is no friend  
Of ours —

*Ippol.* But may be soon. [*looking significantly at*  
*Cornelia.*

*Domicil.* Why, how thou talk'st!  
In my day — But I should be glad to know  
Who paid that fine. 'T is very odd! That Nello,  
I'm sure, knows more than he cares tell. "A noble  
And brave cavalier" [*reflectingly.*] — No doubt! He must  
Have been a bold one. [*Cornelia looks attentively at*  
*Ippol., who smiles.*

But 't is surely odd  
His name should not be known. I'll have the rogue  
Come up again.

*Ippol.* [*stopping her as she turns, apparently to*  
*touch a handbell.*

Nay, aunt, 't is not worth while:  
It all must soon be out. And here, in fact,  
Comes the rogue's self.

*Enter ANTONELLO.*

*Domicil.* Now, Nello —

*Anton.* Pardon, madam:

[*then turning directly to Ippol.*

Ser Carlo Montanino with a lady  
Waits in the hall, and humbly craveth audience  
Alone of the Messere.

*Ippol.* [with agitation.] With a lady?

*Domicil.* [who has been dumb with amazement.

The Montanino in my father's halls!

And humbly craves! Thou wilt not surely see him?

*Ippol.* Why not?

*Domicil.* Alone?

*Ippol.* No, with a lady. Aunt,

Thee and Cornelia I must pray retire. —

*To Nello.*] Say to the noble gentleman, myself

Will wait on him immediately. [*Exit Anton.*

*Domicil.* [retiring.] What next?

The Montanino sues the Salimbene!

In his own hall! and humbly! Times are chang'd.

Heaven keep us! Come, Cornelia. [*Exit.*

*Cornel.* [putting her hand in her brother's with  
an admiring and affectionate look.

\*

Dear Ippol'to!

It was then thou?

*Ippol.* [smiling.] Didst thou not show the way?

*Exit CORNELIA after DOMICILLA,*

*while IPPOLITO turns to the other side of the scene,*

*but hesitating as he is about to leave.*

A lady! — Angel' ? — Too late! [*Stands aside,*  
*bowing profoundly, as*

*Enter CARLO, leading ANGELICA veiled.*

*CARLO, who is deadly pale,*

*returning the salutation with an air of deep submission,*  
*speaks with a melancholy yet dignified humility.*

*Carlo.* Messere, pardon.

It was not meet that you, who are henceforth  
My lord forever, should descend to me,  
Your servant. I have therefore rather chosen  
To venture uninvited to your presence. —

*Ippol.* Messer', the honor that you do this roof —

*Carlo.* My lord, pray pardon me again. Such terms  
Are not for you to me. What you have done —

*Ippol.* Ah, pardon me in turn. I have been bold;  
But only as, I think, you would have been  
Under like circumstance: you must excuse me.  
Will you be seated?

*Carlo.* It is not fit for us. —

Be not amaz'd, but hear me. What I owe  
I have no means to render, only one.  
You are the master of my life; I am  
The humblest of your bondsmen, ready ever  
To do your sternest bidding without stop.  
But that is not enough. I have one gift  
You will more value.

*ANGELICA, who has hitherto  
leaned drooping on her brother's right shoulder,  
now grasps his arm in both her hands,  
her head hanging down over them,  
and seems ready to sink.*

\*  
Could the Almighty God  
Of all this world but give me once the choice  
16\*

To be so blest as I have been in her,  
     *[freeing his right arm, while raising her with the other,*  
         *he puts his right hand on her head.*

Or be the lord of all in proud Siena,  
 I would take poverty again and this  
 His angel; for she is my heart, my brain;  
 There is no other like to her on earth.  
 Yet, being such, I give her. She is yours.

*[He throws back Angelica's veil.*

I need not say to you who are so noble,  
 Be kind to her; you will not use her ill.  
 And now, permit me. *[Putting out his hand to Ippolito,*  
         *while Angelica, unsupported sinks into a chair.*

IPPOLITO mistaking the action,  
     *and still in the extremity of surprise, mechanically*  
*extends his own, to meet his grasp. But CARLO, taking it*  
     *by the fingers respectfully, raises it, in the*  
     *manner of an inferior and dependent, to his lips, and*  
*immediately, with the same melancholy humbleness, without*  
     *looking at his sister, Exit.*

ANGELICA puts out one of her hands,  
     *as if to arrest him, then, recollecting herself, sinks*  
     *back in the chair, and covers her face with*  
*both hands, weeping, while IPPOLITO stands confounded*  
     *before her. At length rousing himself.*

*Ippol.* Lady, do not fear. *[tremulously.*  
 I — go to bring those to you from whose lips

You will more readily learn than mine, that here  
You have but to command. But first that homage,  
Your brother in my moment of surprise  
Made me receive, let me return to you.  
My heart goes with it.

*He kneels, and with reverence, yet with evident  
emotion, raises her hand to his lips.*

*Angel.* Messere — O believe! —

*[bursts into tears.*

*Ippol.* I do believe — I know — why you are here.  
The sacrifice is holy, is heroic,  
And lifts you higher, were there greater height,  
In my esteem. But that I deem it were  
To insult the helpless state wherein your brother  
Through a too lofty spirit and pride has plac'd you,  
I would here tell you how I have long lov'd,  
Ador'd you. Only from the fear to offend  
Both you and him, have I not ventur'd ever  
More than an outward reverence — and perhaps  
The homage of my eyes. O could I think! —

*She weeps, and does not withdraw her hand.*

Yes, yes, thou doubt'st me not; thou knowest, thou feelest,  
Feel'st in thy own pure spirit, I could not dream  
To impose on thy position. Let me then,  
Ere come my aunt, and sister, who has known  
From the very first my love, and learn'd to love thee,

Say all. Angelica! at thy maiden feet  
Ippolito lays his fortune, honor, name.  
If thou disdain them not, say but one word,  
But one, and make them thine.

*Angel. [with mingled joy and tenderness, as she hides her blushes on his shoulder.*

Ippolito!—

*Scene closes.*

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SCENE III. AND THE LAST.

*As in Act I. Scene I.*

CARLO

*seated at a table near the centre, his face hidden in his hands, the fingers of which are buried in his hair.*

*After some moments,*

*Enter BARBARA from the left.*

*She moves a step or two towards him, then stoops and curtsies several times, pausing a little after each inclination.*



*She approaches then nearer, so as to attract his attention,  
and again curtsies — his back being towards her.*

*Carlo. [half turning his head, then resuming his attitude.*

What want'st thou, girl?

*Barb. Where is Madonna, Master?*

*Carlo. [dropping his hands, but without looking at her,  
and speaking slowly and with great mournfulness.*

Where? — Where? — I would I knew!

*Barb. O God, Messere!*

Do not speak so! you frighten me.

*Carlo. I meant not.*

Thy mistress is not here. Go seek her. [*sadly, but without  
harshness.*

*Barb. Gianni*

Knows where she is, but will not tell me.

*Carlo. Gianni*

Knows nothing, more than I. He saw me lead her  
Out to the street, and whither. Where — and what —  
Go to thy chamber; thou wilt know to-morrow.  
Go to thy chamber, girl.

*BARBARA is about to retire, but stops suddenly by the  
embrasure of a window in the left wing, and appears to look out.*

*CARLO, hearing her stop, turns round.*

*Seriously, but still without harshness.*

What mak'st thou there

At the window, girl? Didst thou not hear me? Go.

*Barb. Pardon, Messere; there is something doing*

At the Palazzo Salimbeni yon. [*looking eagerly again.*

*Carlo.* [*springing up.*

Ah! Mercy, God! — What seest thou?

*Barb.* People standing

At the great gate. There 's something to come out.

*Carlo.* [*motionless in the centre — seemingly arrested by terror.*

And? — Look again, good Barba. Seem they sad?

*Barb.* No, merry. Hear their murmurs! Look, dear Master.

*Carlo.* I cannot look. [*Barb. gazing with increased earnestness.*

— What now?

*Barb.* It is — Giesù!

Madonna's self! with Messer Salimbene!

She looks so happy! though her eyes are down —

And blushes scarlet. Oné hand is in his,

The other holds in hers Madonna Nelia,

And Monna Domicilla walks beside.

*CARLO clasps his hands in ecstasy, but*

*stands as before.*

They 're coming hither! How the people shout!

Now Monna Nelia whispers something low,

Which makes Madonna smile, but blush still more;

And Messer Salimbene scatters gold,

Which the rogues gather up, first shouting louder.

They 're in!

*She starts from the window, and without regarding  
her master, runs across the stage.*

— I knew! I knew! O happy day!

[*Exit at the right.*

*Carlo.* [*who, tottering backward, has sunk into the chair.*

I thank Thee, Heaven! And pardon me my doubts!

*After a few moments,*

*he appears to recover, and resuming his wonted majesty of mien,  
moves slowly to the right, where presently*

*Enter*

ANGELICA, IPPOLITO, CORNELIA, and DOMICILLA,  
*bowed in by GIANNI, and followed by BARBARA.*

ANGELICA *rushes into* CARLO'S arms.

*Angel.* Brother!

*Carlo.* My darling! and my life! — Messere,  
I crave your pardon; and yours, noble ladies,  
That I have made your welcome wait; but joy  
In this recover'd treasure —

*Ippol.* Which is mine.

Revoke not, Messer Carlo. What you gave  
I come now to accept, not to restore.  
For Carlo's sister is now Ippolito's bride.

*[raises Angelica's hand to his lips.]*

*Carlo.* Noble Ippolito! you have crush'd with debt  
Your poor but happy debtor. Half my gift  
Has Angela taken away, to give, herself.  
The other yet remains; for I am still,  
As I shall ever be, your humblest bondsman,  
Ready to do your bidding as my lord.

GIANNI, *in the background, betrays consternation,*  
*and BARBARA surprise. DOMICILLA gazes on CARLO with wonder*  
*and interest, and CORNELIA with admiration.*

*Ippol.* You hear him, all?

*Gianni.* [muttering.] His grandsire would have heard  
An earthquake sooner ; that is my idea.

*Domicil.* And mine, old man. The times are sorely chang'd.

*Ippol.* And thou shalt change too, Aunt.

*Carlo.* [severely.] Be silent, Gianni.  
The Salimbene's love would fill these walls,  
Though they were left still emptier than they are  
By Montaninan hatred.

*Ippol.* Nobly said!  
Is 't not, Cornelia ? [looking closely at his sister, who has  
manifested some emotion.

*Carlo,* thou hast said  
Thou 'lt do my bidding.

*Carlo.* [solemnly.] Truly, in all things.

*Ippol.* Make suit then to my sister. Unto her  
I here transfer thy service. Canst thou win her,  
Thou 'lt win what 's worth the wearing, and render me,  
Doubly thy brother, lighter i' the conscience,  
As having made restitution for this treasure  
Whereof I 've robb'd thee. [drawing *Angel.* lightly to him.

*Carlo.* [seizing his hand.] Generous Salimbene !

*Domicil.* Now Heaven help us !

*Carlo.* [turning to *Cornelia* with modesty, yet with dignity.

Lady, if such as I,  
A man so fallen in fortune and sad of heart,  
Venture to lift his thoughts to such as you,  
Whom under luckier stars he had been happy  
And proud to dare address, ascribe it kindly

Not to too forward a spirit, but duty vow'd  
To my life's master.

*Cornel.* Sir, must I make answer?

I rate so high my brother's love for me,  
I cannot think he would have chosen else  
Than for my happiness; and he whose life  
Was freely offer'd for his sister's sake,  
And whom that sister better lov'd than fame,  
Lifts not his thoughts, but lowers, to such as I. —

*Ippol.* [*half aside to Carlo.*

Is she not worthy?

*Cornel.* [*continuing.*] If my aunt approve —

*Domicil.* That word redeems us all. In my day, maidens —

*Ippol.* Had hearts of just such pliant stuff as now;

And Monna Domicilla was but woo'd

As Angela and Cornelia must be won.

*Domicil.* Child, thou forgott'st me.

*Ippol.* No, I but forestall'd:

I knew beforehand what thou wouldst approve.

*Domicil.* [*to Carlo.*] Sir, I am yet too much a Salimbene

To say that I rejoice; but this believe:

I truly honor you, and one day may love.

*Ippol.* [*hugging her, — she struggling in his arms, half pleased,  
half piqued.*

Why, that 's my aunt! I said that thou wouldst change.

*Carlo.* [*kissing her hand.*] Madonna, I shall strive to win your  
favor;

And hope to, will this lady teach me how.

*Ippol.* [*to Cornel., as Carlo kisses her hand in turn.*

Cornelia's ring, thou seest, is soon reset.

*Cornel.* With such another jewel as the first.

*Ippol.* But burn'd a deeper sanguine in the fire

Which has not tried the ruby of my love.

*Cornel.* I 'll wear them, brother, both then, side by side.

*Ippol.* First ask Angelica. Half my heart, I said,

Was long since hers.

*Cornel.* And half of Messer Carlo's

Is still his sister's. Thus I have but one.

And thou, Angelica, art not better off.

These men are but half lovers.

*Angel.* But these brothers!

*Cornel.* Ah! there, Angelica, both of us agree.

We 'll keep each other's brother; and they shall see

Which half is better set, with thee or me.

*GIANNI, who has been curiously watching Cornelia, and working himself more and more forward, now advancing to Carlo.*

*Gianni.* That is the lady, Master, I 'm a-thinking,

That left the roll of florins at the gate.

And the same too gave Barbara the hundred;

That 's my idea.

*Barb.* [*to Angel.*] Madonna, pardon me.

The secrèt now is told; but [*to Cornel.*] not through me.

*Carlo.* And to our enemies we thus owe all!

O lady, can my life, which you would ransom,

And your brave brother, my true lord, has redeem'd,

Ever repay these benefits from both?

So let me be indeed thy servitor,

And all the idolatry I paid my sister  
Shall henceforth yield its worship at thy shrine.

*[kisses Cornel.'s hand with evident emotion.]*

*Domicil.* *[with tender reproach.]*

Couldst thou not, niece, have let me share in this? —

*Cornel.* Dear aunt, I fear'd — thou knowest, thy family  
views —

*Domicil.* Naughty Cornelia! was I so mistrusted?

But I won't contradict: for, in my day,  
Such things were never thought of. Well! I hope  
'T is for the better; but 't is true the times  
Are sadly chang'd.

*Ippol.* No, gladly, say, my aunt.

*Domicil.* Don't contradict me, dear my boy.

*Ippol.* No, aunt:

For here are foes no more to breed dispute.  
The Montanino-Salimbene one,  
Thou shalt have care henceforth alone to see  
Times change indeed, but let them still agree.

BARBARA,

*who after her brief part in the colloquy has been seen to  
go to the window, and there respond by sign to some signal from  
without, and then steal off from the scene, now re-enters,  
leading in ANTONELLO. Both appear excited.*

*Gianni.* *[shaking his head.]*

Always with Antonello!

*Carlo.* What bring'st thou?

*Barb.* *[joyously.]* The sentence is revers'd! Ask Nello, Master.

*Ippol.* Speak.

*Anton.* What she says is true. The Ser Beccari  
Is banish'd and his name struck from the rolls,  
For plotting against Messere Carlo's life.

*Carlo.* Ah! [*looking at Angelica, who turning pale presses closer to Ippolito. Domicilla and Cornelia evince astonishment, — Cornelia's not unmingled with indignation.*]

*Ippol.* Speak from the beginning. How is this?

*Anton.* Ser Giacomo Gradenata — whom I met  
One day with little Barba — [*darting a look of sly malice at Barbara.*]

*Gianni.* Ay, I've seen her  
With Ser Beccari too. She's much too easy,  
I'm thinking, with such fellows: that's my idea.  
*Barb.* But not affair.

*Angel.* Peace, Barba!

*Carlo.* And thou, Gianni,  
Show more of reverence.

*Ippol.* And, good Nello, keep  
Thy feuds with Barbara for her private ear.  
Thou shalt have full occasion by and by.  
Proceed.

*Anton.* [*with more of his usual manner, and speaking with increasing rapidity as he goes on.*]

Ser Giacomo, brib'd by the Beccari,  
Made the false charge, but, horrified to find  
A murder toward, told all unto his sister.  
Monna Camilla goes straightway to the Nine —



*Angel.* His sister!

*Ippol.* And betroth'd to Gasparo's self!

*Barb.* [*significantly.*] I think I know the motive.

*Carlo.* Ah! — The wretch!

*Angel.* Thou shalt know all a fitter time, Ippolito.

*Anton.* Yes, Barbara lent her motive to Ser Giac'mo.

*Gianni.* She lends too many, I 'm thinking, to such gentry.

*Ippol.* Let Barbara alone, my friends. What then?

*Anton.* Both of them banish'd from the State forever —

Beccari's fortune confiscated — name

Struck from the rolls —

*Ippol.* 'T is retribution just.

*Anton.* The fine remitted — Messer Montanino

Restor'd to all his honors.

*Carlo.* And thus the weight

Of seven hundred florins is off my heart.

Its pulse may now beat freely to thy love,

Noble Ippolito.

*Ippol.* With thy consent

I 'll part the seven hundred twixt these three;

One half to honest Gianni, and one half

To Nello and Barba, whom we will make one.

*Gianni.* [*shaking his head.*]

Best make her one, I 'm thinking, with all mankind.

*Barb.* Now God forbid, were all like thee!

*Carlo.* Peace, girl!

And thou, old man, rein-in that petulant tongue.

Fit 't were you us'd it, thou and Barba both,

In thanking that munificence which makes you

Rich far beyond your sphere.

*Gianni.* I am most thankful.

But Messer Carlo, to your father's son  
I should not need to boast, who serv'd his sire,  
That Gianni, poor and old, takes never money  
Save from his master's hand.

*Carlo.* Forgive me, Gianni;  
Forgive my chiding, — even for those words,  
Which show thy tongue takes counsel from thy heart  
As well as spleen. [*He extends his hand to Gianni, who  
kisses it, with tears.*]

*Ippol.* Yet take it from my sister,  
Who will be soon thy mistress.

*Cornel.* And who adds  
What she impos'd upon thee at the gate:  
For 't is thy due, yet scarcely thy desert; —  
For where are honest pride and faith like thine?

*Gianni.* [*much moved and kissing her hand.*]

Madonna, I ne'er thought to live to see  
The Montanino and Salimbene join'd,  
And cry with joy at it. But I do. I'm thinking,  
Heaven makes some curses blessings; and old times  
Have chang'd now for the better; that's my idea.

ANTONELLO and BARBARA likewise make their acknowledgments to IPPOLITO, in dumb show.

*Domicil:* Mine, Gianni, too. Yet, dear me! in my day —  
But never mind! I will not change again.

*Ippol.* Not with the times? Nay, Aunt, play out the play.

*Domicil.* Don't contradict, Ippol'to dear. I mean,  
The present happy truce I sha'n't gainsay.

*Ippol.* Truce? 'T is a peace: "I 'm thinking," to remain,  
(As Gianni says,) till doomsday.

*Domicil.* And I say,  
Thereto, Amen! my boy.

*Ippol.* Is that the vein?  
Why then the play is play'd, for good and all.

*Cornel.* [*in half-whisper.*

Be it. Yet, while Aunt Cilla is in train,  
'T were very well to let the Curtain fall.

*Curtain falls.*

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# NOTES

## TO

### THE MONTANINI

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1.—P. 263. THE MONTANINI.] The story is founded on the XLIXth Novel of Bandello.

2.—P. 264. CARLO DI TOMMASO MONTANINO.] That is, as subsequently shown (Act I. Sc. 1.), *Carlo son of*, etc. A mode of writing the names of persons that was very common in all parts of Italy in the Middle Ages.

“Olim a Patris nomine, non Senis tantum, sed et in aliis Italiae Civitatibus, consuevere non pauci cognomentum sibi adsciscere. Hinc audias *Piero di Tegliaccio*, *Francesco di Messer Vanni*, *Cione di Vitelluccio*, *Neri di Guccio*, atque horum similia; hoc est, *Petrum Tegliaccii filium*, *Francesci Domini Vannis filium*, etc. Rursus in more fuit nomina quaedam contrahere, ac veluti dimidiata adhibere; nam pro *Alexandro* aliquis appellabatur *Sandro*, pro *Bartholomæo* *Meo*, pro *Arriguccio*, ut ego arbitror, *Guccio*, pro *Maphæo*, sive *Maffeo*, *Feo*, pro *Uguccione Cione*. . . . Infra nobis occurrent *Messer Sozzo Dei*, et *Messer Deo Gucci*, qui alibi appellatur *Messer Deo di Messer Guccio*. Eadem ratione in hisce regionibus nobiles Manfredorum,

Piorum, Picorum, aliorumque familiæ, Patris nomen in suum cognomentum olim verterunt." MURATOR. *In Chron. Senen. Andr. Dei præfat. Rer. Ital. Script.* T. xv.

3.—P. 264. SALIMBENI.] Pronounce the *e* as *a* in *bane*. It is one of those foreign names which cannot be anglicized without marring it. So in the name *Bertuccio Arrigucci*, which will occur frequently in the play, sound the first of the two *c*'s as *t*: — *toot'-tcheo*, — *goot'-tche*.

4.—P. 264. VOLPICINA.] A character-name, the diminutive of *volpe* (she-fox). Pronounce, as in Italian: *Vohl-pe-tche'-nah*.

5.—P. 265. *Ser Gasparo*.] The prefix of courtesy and of reverence, *Sere* or *Ser*, and, in its complete or composite form, *Messere* or *Messer*, had at this time been in vogue for only about forty years, if a note to that effect in Muratori is accepted, and was at first equivalent to *Signore*, *Signor*, being convertible in the Latin into *Dominus*. In a later age, *Messere* was confined to members of the bench, doctors, and priests, as we read in Varchi. Compare note 12 to *Bianca Capello*.

Muratori, or one of his co-workers, thinks that the word, in the form *Missere*, came in with the study of the Provensal about the time of Dante's master, Ser Brunetto Latini. Cs. in his vol. above-cited, in coll. 145, 6, a note to the Sanesan Chronicle of *Neri di Donato*.\* Giovanni Villani however applies it to personages in periods long

\* Still, I do not think that the example adduced by the commentator is conclusive, namely, that in a letter of 1265 to one of the Tolomei is written, not *a Messere Tolomeo*, but *Domino Tolomeo*. For as *Dominus* was the usual form in the Latin acts and records, etc., so it was very natural, especially in the mongrel Italian employed in that very writing cited, the words should be interchanged. See extracts from certain notarial instruments in Notes 1 and 2, p. x. of the *Elogio di G. V.* T. viii. *Cronica*. ed. cit.

anterior to that epoch, as will be seen presently.\* And in fact the reference to Ser Brunetto Latini would itself put its introduction back at least a score of years before the period of 1280 assigned by the Italian archæologist, for Ser Brunetto is named by G. Villani among the Guelfs who fled from Florence to Lucca in 1260 (T. ii. p. 113, *ed. infra cit.*) after the disastrous day of Montaperti. This was five years before the date assigned to the birth of Dante, who addresses his old master by that title in the Shades: "Siete voi qui, Ser Brunetto?" † where it is observable that the plural address of reverence, *voi* for *tu*, is employed.

What the comment on the Sanesan Chronicle advances, that between the word *Messere* and the simple *Sere* the same distinction obtains as was usual with *Madonna* and its contraction *Monna*. — namely, that the briefer term was applied to persons of a relatively inferior condition, ‡ as for example, in the case of *Ser*, to notaries and

\* He goes back indeed as far as the year 1113, under which date, in his 4th Book (c. xxix.), he speaks of "*Messer* Ruberto Tedesco, vicario dello 'imperadore Arrigo in Toscana." It is true, Villani, who was contemporary with Dante, may be supposed to confer the prefix after the fashion of his time.

† Two other instances in Dante illustrate so fully the mode of using both forms as to be in themselves sufficient exemplification. In *Purgatorio* xxiv. we have *Messer* applied to the Cavalier Marchese, and in *Paradiso*, at the close of the xliith Cto., adopting a name (Martino) to indicate generally any class of illiterate men, he prefixes simple *Ser*, making it correlative with *Donna* (*Monna*, in modern edd.) for the female :

"Non creda donna [monna] Berta e ser Martino."

Here we see *Monna* applied precisely as we do *Madam* and *Mrs.*

‡ "Non si può negare, che nella sua origine *Sere* sia l'istesso che *Signore*; ma è da osservarsi, che i nomi accorciati si davano a persone d'inferior condizione, come è noto ne' titoli di *Madonna* e *Monna*. L'uno si dava alle Principesse ed anco a quelle Donne di Nobiltà assoluta; e l'altro alle Donne Nobili, ma non di Condizione Principesca, e alle Donne popolari, ma che erano di Famiglie risedute, restando l'altre senza titolo. . . Così è giustamente avvenuto a' titoli di *Missere* e di *Sere*. Il primo si dava fra gli altri a' Giudici, e Dottori, e l'altro a Notai, che per lo più sono al servizio de' medesimi." *Loc. sup. cit.*

It is indeed a distinction reasonable and natural in itself, that is, arising from

simple priests, to which two classes the annotator would appear to confine it, — is supported by the usage of old writers. In the list of the embassy sent to the Emperor when at Pisa (March 1, 1355), we have the names thus set down: "Misser Guccio di . . . . Talomei, Giovanni d'Agnolino Salimbeni, Misser Francesco di Misser Bino Giudice de gli Accarigi, Renaldo del Peccio, Davino di Memmo, Giovanni di Tura Neri de' Montanini, Ser Minò di Meo Filippi loro Notajo." *Cron. San.* c. 146. It is at this very passage that the comment I refer to is made, and it certainly of itself sets the matter in a very plain light. The fact too is confirmed by the instance of Brunetto, who was a notary. In the 16th century the distinction continues to be very observable. Thus, while Varchi the historian's father, who was an attorney, is styled simply *Ser Giovanni*, his son is dignified as *Messer Benedetto*, having been endowed by Duke Cosmo with a benefice in Mugello. In that historian's xvth Book (T. v. p. 349 *ed. al. cit.*) we have this noticeable passage, which happily exemplifies both subjects of the note: . . . "un ser Mariotto di ser Luca de' Primi d' Anghiari suo cancelliere" . . . where *cancelliere* is evidently used for *segretario*, although in the acceptation of *register of public acts* it would put the person it indicates in the same class with the notary of those days.

But the distinction, though I have thought it of sufficient interest to be noted for the student and the lover of accuracy, is of no consequence, even were it practicable, in a drama in English; and that I

the customs and thought-habits of men, all contractions in names or titles of address savoring of familiarity, sometimes that of affection or of popularity, or indicating a reverence or respect that is conceded rather than exacted. The *Mrs.* and *Ma'am* of the English, the *Ma'm'selle* (fam. and vulg.) of the French, the *Usted* of the Spanish, are all analogous corruptions; arising from precisely similar causes, familiarity of intercourse, rapidity of utterance, and the desire to avoid a formality which by its frequent repetition becomes not only stiff but disagreeable. It is probable also that thence, and not, as Webster is inclined to think, from the influence of some Northern language, the word *Master* in compellation took the slender sound of *Mister*.



have disregarded it in the present play, whose action is of 1322, can scarcely be held a license even by an Italian scholar, especially as there are authorities who would appear to justify the interchange,\* and even Muratori himself acknowledges, what indeed requires no demonstration, that *Sere* was originally the same as *Signore*. A like remark, so far as the unimportance of exactness in these particulars, in an English play, may be made as to the mode of placing the prefix, which, in both its forms, is never used (that I have yet seen) before the name proper, but occurs before the forename only, precisely as the *Don* (Dominus) of the Spaniard, and the titular address and designation of a knight or a baronet in England. †

6.—P. 269. — *the dainty Three . . . my father's day Saw disinterr'd*, etc.] I have forgotten my authority for this fact. But the following passage, from a well-written guide-book of travel, explains fully the text, if it is not indeed the very source to which perhaps I was indebted.

“In the library [of the Duomo or Cathedral] is also preserved the exquisite antique group of the Graces in Greek marble, found under the foundations in the 13th century. This group, one of the finest known examples of Grecian sculpture, was copied by Canova, and was so much admired by Raphael that he made

\* See in *R. It. Sc.* the note just cited. My disregard however of this distinction, as well as of the mode of employing it, arose probably from the incompleteness of my information at the time. Unimportant as I admit them to be in English, I should, I think, had I known better, have carefully observed both these niceties of ancient Italian usage, if only as a point of *costume*. A voluntary error of the sort would have been a deviation from truth.

† I need hardly add that our *Sir*, used in ordinary compellation, is precisely the same word. With us too, that is in English, it was anciently given as a title to priests. It is interesting to observe how in modern intercourse these distinctions become less and less certain and are finally wiped away, precisely as the plural style of address has almost excluded from ordinary conversation the *thou* and *thee* which at one time indicated inferiority.

a sketch of it, which is still preserved in the Academy of Venice. It is also supposed to have suggested the picture of the Graces by Raphael, formerly in Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection, and afterwards in that of the late Lord Dudley." BLEWITT'S *Handbook of Central Italy*, 2d ed. 1850.

7.—P. 271. *What, my fair Volscian, though not Dian's nymph.*] In allusion to the Camilla of Virgil.

"Hos super advenit, Volsca de gente, Camilla."

*Æn.* vii. 803. ed. Hunter: *Andr.* 1799.

"Est et, Volscorum egregia de gente, Camilla,

Agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas." XI. 433.

Her father had dedicated her when an infant to Diana, in the emergence recounted *ib.* 539, sqq. And the goddess, deploring the fate of the maiden queen, says there:

"Vellem haud correpta fuisset

Militia tali, cōnata lacessere Teucros:

Cara mihi comitumque foret nunc una mearum."

8.—P. 273. *Thou 'dst like again to venture?*] At this place was inserted in the copy the following stage-direction: *The door above is seen to open a little way, and the face of Camilla appears in the opening.* But in the original Ms., I find I had remarked in the margin: "Or without this; as it is more natural that the door should not be opened, and this indication to the spectators that the party is listening is a commonplace stage-action. Camilla's words at the close of the Scene, and previously the noise she makes behind the door which startles Gaspar, are enough, and more refined, for the printed drama at least."

I am still of that opinion. But for the Stage the by-play, though both unnatural and commonplace, is perhaps requisite, and certainly aids the intelligence of a mixed audience. I shall therefore indicate

here, in the Notes, the remaining directions that are omitted from the Scene. They number from this point, 8, to 13 inclusive.

9.—P. 274. *Camilla draws the door to again.*

10.—P. 274. *Giacomo sits again sullenly. Beccari draws his chair closer to him — in so doing looks once more at the door, but it is not yet reopened.*

11.—P. 274. *Camilla appears listening again.*

12.—P. 275. *Camilla, from behind the door, shakes her finger at him.*

13.—P. 275. *Camilla shakes her fist at Giacomo, but in the movement makes a noise, and quickly closes the door, ere Beccari turning hastily can detect her.*

14.—P. 280. — *bowing reverent-low . . . he yields the path, etc.]* The streets of Siena are very narrow: so that the courtesy was almost imperative.

15.—P. 289. — *the Arbia.]* The little stream which flows by Siena.

16.—P. 289. — *the she-wolf — ]* The emblem of Siena, which is stuck up in various parts of the city, as the *bear* is in Bern.

17.—P. 289. — *the great Countess — ]* Matilda of Tuscany the friend of Pope Hildebrand.

18.—P. 289. — *Sane'si — ]* The Italian, or rather, Tuscan name for the people of Siena.

The origin of the city is ascribed by Villani to the old and invalided soldiers of Charles Martel, left by him in that locality in 670; whence its first name *Sena* (and in the pl., for the double strong-

hold, *Senae*), "derivando di quelli che v' erano rimasi per vecchiezza" *Cron.* I. lvi. p. 73 sq. t. 1, *ed. cit.*

This is contrary to the opinion generally entertained, which would put it so far back as the *Senensis Colonia* of Pliny. In the Handbook just cited, we are told: "Siena preserves, almost without change, the name of Sena Julia, and is supposed to have been a colony established by Julius Cæsar" (meaning probably, in his time).

19.—P. 291. *Gelica* — ] This abbreviation of names (here and elsewhere in the play) was the custom of the day, and is therefore characteristic of the period of the action. The familiar instance of the contemporary poet Dante will occur to the reader: *Dante* for *Durante*; as the lady he has immortalized by the complete name of *Beatrice* was commonly known as *Bice*.

I have touched lightly on this subject before, at p. 256 of this vol. Comp., above, Notes 2 and 5. In all the modern tongues, including our own, we are familiar with similar abbreviations. The difference is, that at the present day the contracted name is often vulgar, and always familiar, if not disrespectful; in those days it was of general usage, and conveyed no disparagement, and if not elegant yet did not savor of vulgarity.

20.—P. 292. *Plotting with Deo of the Tolomei, The banish'd Guelf!*] He was, with Messer Sozzo Dei, one of the heads of the conspiracy which had terminated in their expulsion, and that of their confederates, three years previously. See *G. Villani*, IX. xvi. (t. iv. p. 95 *ed. cit.*) The influence of the Salimbeni, who in part were on the side of the existing government, and the readiness of the Tolomei, in their feud with that family, to make it an occasion of revolt, are seen in the same chapter. Further on in Book IX., the mutual enmity, and at the same time the power of these rival houses, find brief but sufficient illustration in the following passages: — "Nell' anno 1322, del mese d'Aprile, la città di Siena

fu a romore per cagione che quegli della casa de' Salimbeni uccisero una notte due fratelli carnali figliuoli di cavaliere della casa de' Tolomei, loro nemici, nelle loro case. Per la potenza delle dette due case i Sanesi quasi tutti parati per combattersi insieme, *ec.*" cxlvii. p. 139 sq. "Ne' detto anno [1326] . . . il duca di Calavra con sua baronia e cavalieri entrò nella città di Siena . . . Trovò la terra molto partita per la guerra ch' era intra 'Tolomei e' Salimbeni, che quasi tutti i cittadini chi tenea coll' uno e chi coll' altro . . . e 'l duca così fece, che tra le due case Tolomei e Salimbeni fece fare triegua con sofficiente sicurtà cinque anni" . . . cclvi. p. 343 sq.

In 1337, they made peace together at the command of the Pope. *Cron. San R. I. S. xv. 96.*

21.—P. 292. *Condemn'd to pay, etc.*] This was a constant mode of punishment, presumably for the rich and powerful. 'Thus, in the year of our play, fifteen of the Tolomei were mulcted, three of them in a thousand florins each. *Cron. San. u. c. 54.*

22.—P. 297. — *who could lend the State, etc.*] "Incontanente si provvidono [i Sanesi e gli usciti ghibellini] di moneta, e accattaro dalla compagnia de' Salimbeni, che allora erano mercatanti, ventimila fiorini d'oro, e puosono loro pegno la rocca a Tentennana, e più altre castella del comune." *G. Vill. VI. lxxvi. (ed. cit. II. p. 104.) Cs. Note 24.*

23.—P. 309. *The people do not like you any more Than do the nobles; etc.*]

"Era per lunghi tempi governato il reggimento della Città di Siena per l'ordine di Nove, il quale era ristretto in meno di novanta Cittadini, sotto certo industrioso inganno: però che quando il tempo veniva di fare i loro generali squittini, acciò che ogni degno cittadino popolare entrasse nello ordine de' Nove, coloro che haveano già usurpati gli Ufiej si ragunavano segretamente in una Chiesa, e

ivi disponeano di alcuni cui e' voleano che rimanessono nell' ordine, fermandoli tra loro per saramento. E prometteano tutti dare a' detti le loro boci co' lupini neri, e tutti gli altri, che andavano allo squittino, ch' erano molti buoni e degni Cittadini, gli riprovavano co' lupini bianchi, sì che l'ordine non crescea più che volessono: nè alcuno v'entrava che tra loro in prima non fosse deliberato: Per la qual cosa erano in odio a tutti g'li altri popolani, e a grande parte de' nobili, con cui non s'intendeano. Eranvi certi, che manteneano questa città, e guidavano il comune, come e' voleano." M. VILLANI. IV. c. lxi. in *Rer. Ital. Script.* XIV. coll. 273 sq. The historian goes on to show, how, with the desire to debase and disfranchise Florence by the power of Charles IV., the chiefs in the government of the Nine made over their own liberties to that Emperor.

24.—P. 314. — *their enormous wealth* —] A note to the Sanesan Chronicle (*l. c.* coll. 96, 7) attests at once the great wealth and the large commerce of this powerful family. For their wealth, it will be sufficient to quote the first paragraph "In quest' anno 1337 si osserva la gran ricchezza de' Salimbeni. Quì si legge: 'Benuccio di Giovanni Salimbeni era in questo tempo 1337. Camarlengo, e distributore de le Casate de' Salimbeni Nobili di Siena, cioè de' censi, e argentiera, e ramiera, donde che più anni avea a distribuire infra 16. capifamiglie di Salimbeni circa a fiorini cento mila d'oro." For their commerce, it is said that they sold in the single month of January of the succeeding year (1338) "ottanta borse ["borse da spose d'oro," elsewhere] per 80. spose novelle di Casate de' Nobili di Siena". Whereupon the commentator adds the remark, "that it demonstrates sufficiently the great riches the Sanesan people made by traffic, as it further makes evident the great Nobility that was then in Siena, he not supposing it possible that in any city whatever of Italy in his own time there could in a single year be made eighty marriages among families actually noble."

25.—P. 325. — *and when the Nine Begin to totter, etc.*] It was not till thirty-three years afterward that the iniquitous government was put down by Charles IV., in violation of his own engagement. See *Matt. Villani*; who remarks philosophically: “E pare degna cosa, che coloro, i quali ingannano in Comune i loro Cittadini, e rompono la fede a’ loro amici, che alcuna volta per quella medesima sieno puniti, e portino pena de’ peccati commessi.” *ad init. cap. lxxxi. col. 294.* The Emperor entered Siena the 25th of March, 1355, whereupon the Tolomei, Malavolti, Piccolomini, Saracini, and those of the Salimbeni who were opposed to the corrupt magistracy, with a concourse of common people, raised the cry of “Viva lo ’mperadore, e muojono i Nove e le gabelle!” There occurred the usual scenes of violence, with death to some, and spoliation; the expulsion of the Nine and their families. The next day the Emperor forbade forever the office and order. All who had taken part in the Government, to escape the danger and the infamy with which they were regarded as traitors to their own country, went into foreign lands. *ib. lxxxii. col. 295.* The Chronicle of Neri di Donato records the event with more force and greater detail. The Emperor swears to preserve the order of the Nine. (They had sent an embassy to him. See note 5, above, also note 23 *ad c.*, p. 394.) He enters, the 23d of March, to the cry of “Viva Lomperadore, e muoja li Nove!” cuts the chains of the city the 24th. The next day, the 25th, Siena in arms. Charles revokes his oath and annuls all the privileges conceded. — The account of the riot, and its violence, and the overthrow of the Nine, is very full in this chronicler. Robbery; arson; death and wounds to some of the order, complete ruin to all, whom none, not even the clergy, would succor. *Ad ann. 1355.*

26.—P. 332. — *five hundred golden Johns!*] On one side of the florin of gold was the image of John the Baptist, with the legend ‘Santo Giovanni Battista’; on the other the lily of the republic (whence its name), with “Fiorenza.”

It was in 1252, in a period of great prosperity and elation, after victories over their rivals, that the Florentines commenced the coining of this famous piece, gold money not being then in use with them. As it was of extraordinary fineness, it came at once into great repute, and its value was so jealously regarded that for nearly 300 years we find scarcely any if any change either in the weight or the quality of the metal.\* Villani tells us the florins were twenty-four carats fine and that eight of them weighed an ounce (*Cron.* VI. liii.); Varchi, a little more than twenty-three and seven-eighths in fineness (*St. Fior.* t. v. p. 61. *ed. al. cit.*), and that every hundred weighed an exact pound (t. iii. p. 115). But as the latter is so particular in his statement, it may be that he has only expressed with precision what Villani described in general terms.

The florin of gold was also called a ducat (*V. ib.* III. 117), as here in Act IV. Sc. 2, and throughout *Bianca*.

Of course, while the nominal value was the same, as estimated in *lire* and *soldi*, the actual worth of the coin varied in different ages (see *Varchi* as above, III. 117, 118), and at that distant day a thousand florins of gold, though in computation but little more than so many of our gold dollars, was a very considerable sum of money.

27.—P. 345. *Messer Provenzano*, etc.] At *Colle di Valdelsa*, in 1269, when the Florentine Guelfs defeated the Ghibellines of Siena and their allies of the same faction, and avenged the disaster of Montaperti. “Il Conte Guido Novello si fuggì, e messere Provenzano Salvani signore e guidatore dell’ oste de’ Sanesi fu preso, e tagliatoli il capo, e per tutto il campo portato fitto in su una lancia. E bene s’ adempiè la profezia e rivelazione che gli avea fatta il diavolo per via d’incautesimo, ma non la intese; che avendolo fatto costringere per sapere come capiterebbe in quella oste, mendacemente

\* This had its natural consequence. They not only rose in value in 1531, but they were withdrawn from circulation, and melted or hoarded. *VARCHI*, *ut s.* III., 117, sq. & V. 61.



rispuose, e disse: anderai e combatterai, vincerai no morrai alla battaglia, e la tua testa fia la più alta del campo; e egli credendo avere la vittoria per quelle parole, e credendo rimanere signore sopra tutti, non fece il punto alla fallacie, ove disse: vincerai no, morrai ec. E però è grande follia a credere a sì fatto consiglio come quello del diavolo." G. VILLANI. VII. xxxi. (T. II. p. 195.)

28.—P. 347. *Fit to live.* Giac. *Camilla!* — *Woman!* — *Stop!*] This is quite equal in time to the ten-syllable Iambic, — the emphasis in the three last words of the preceding verse being on "art." The regular measure however may be observed, by simply substituting "Worthy" for "Fit," and putting the emphasis on "not." But the passage loses thereby strength and propriety. "Fit" is the word *Camilla* would have used.



# THE MONTANINI

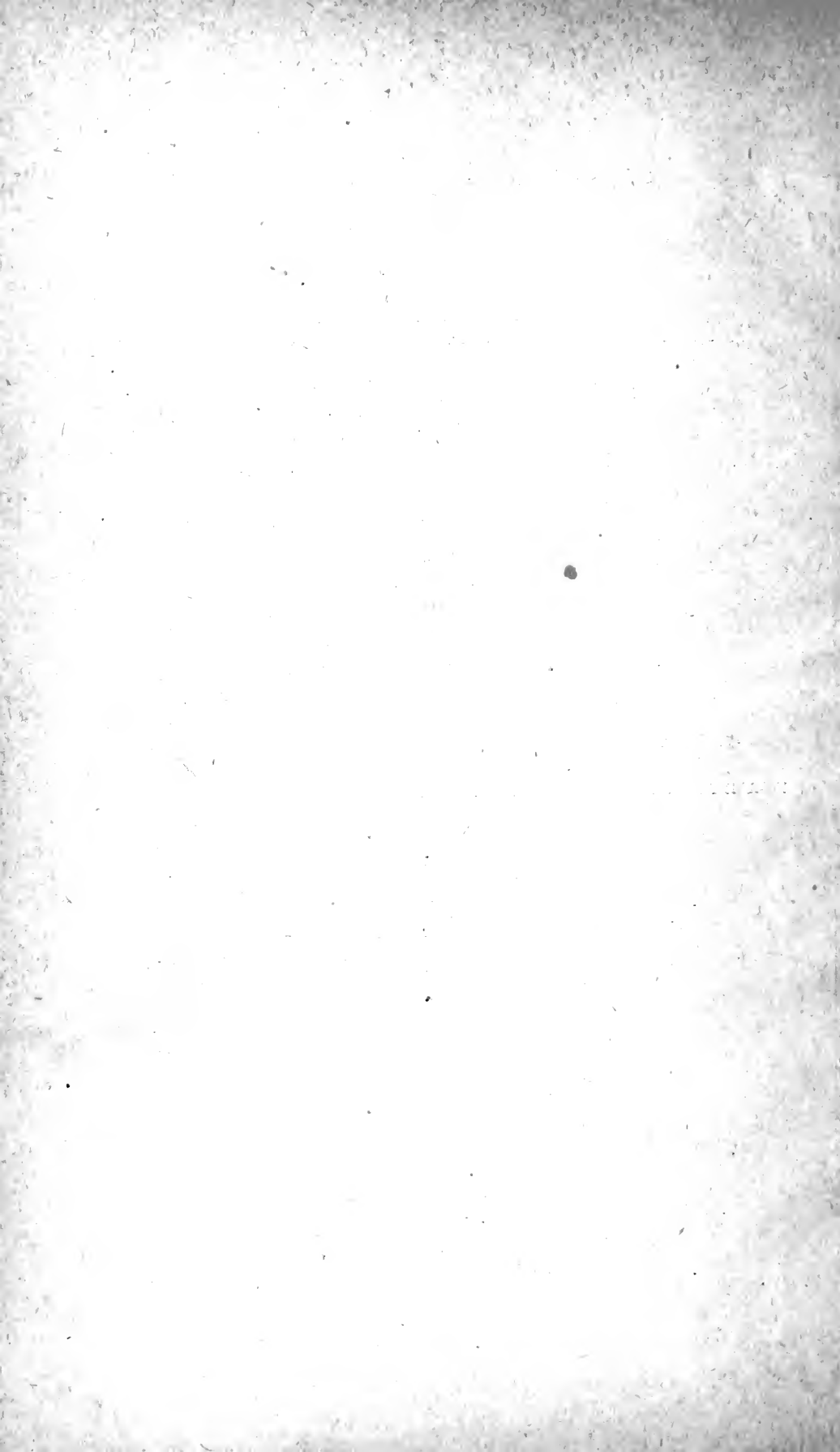
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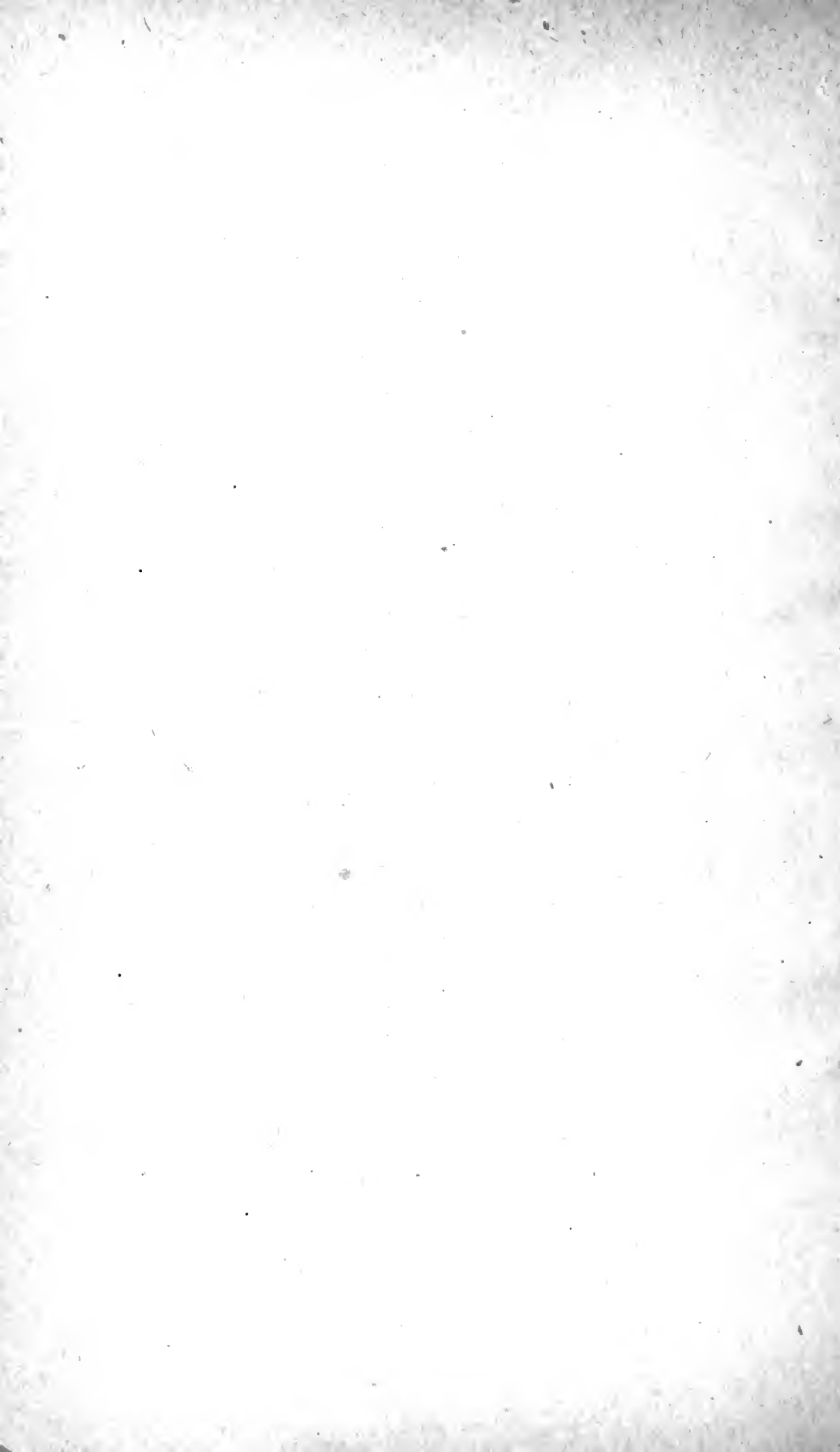
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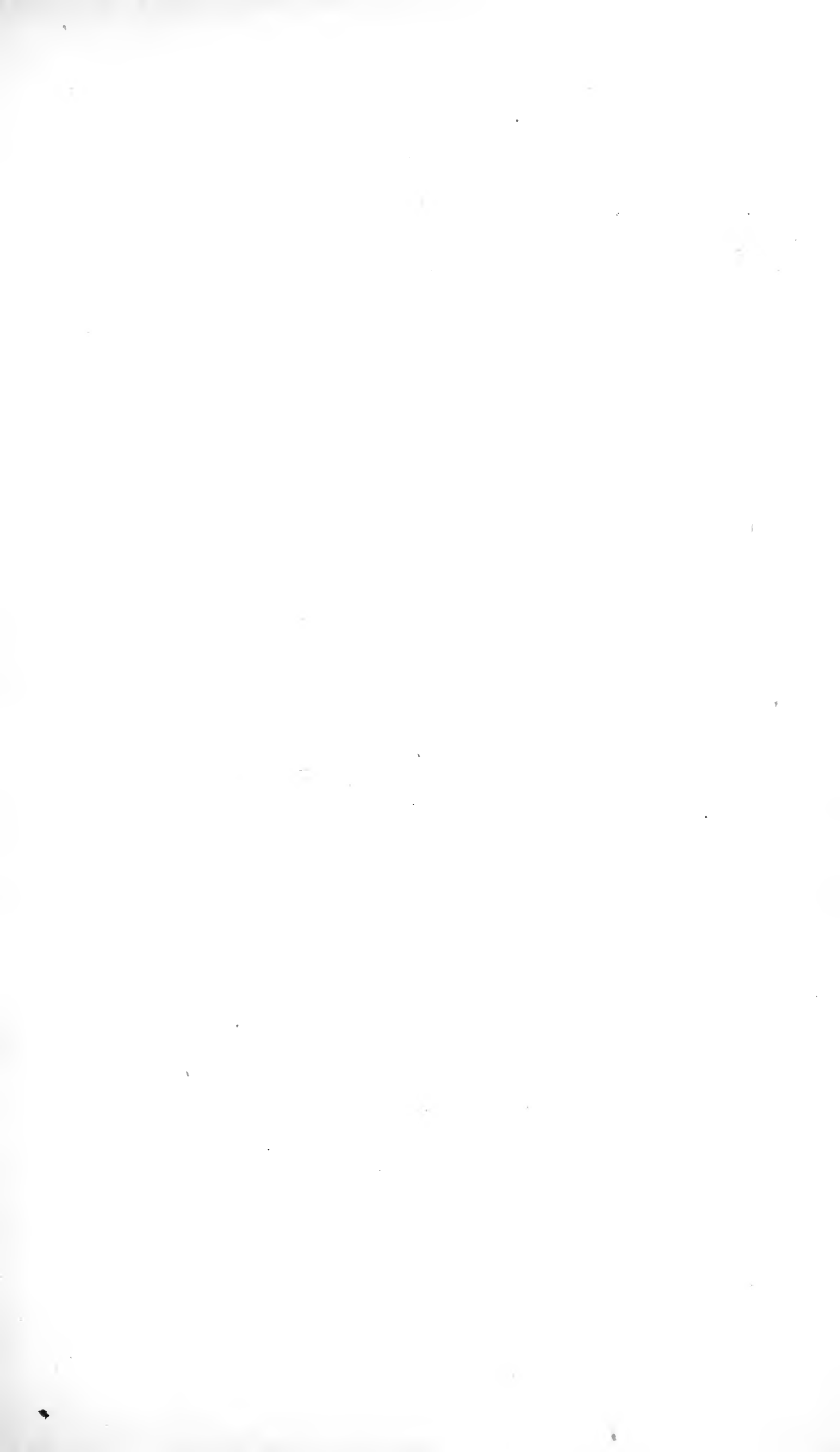
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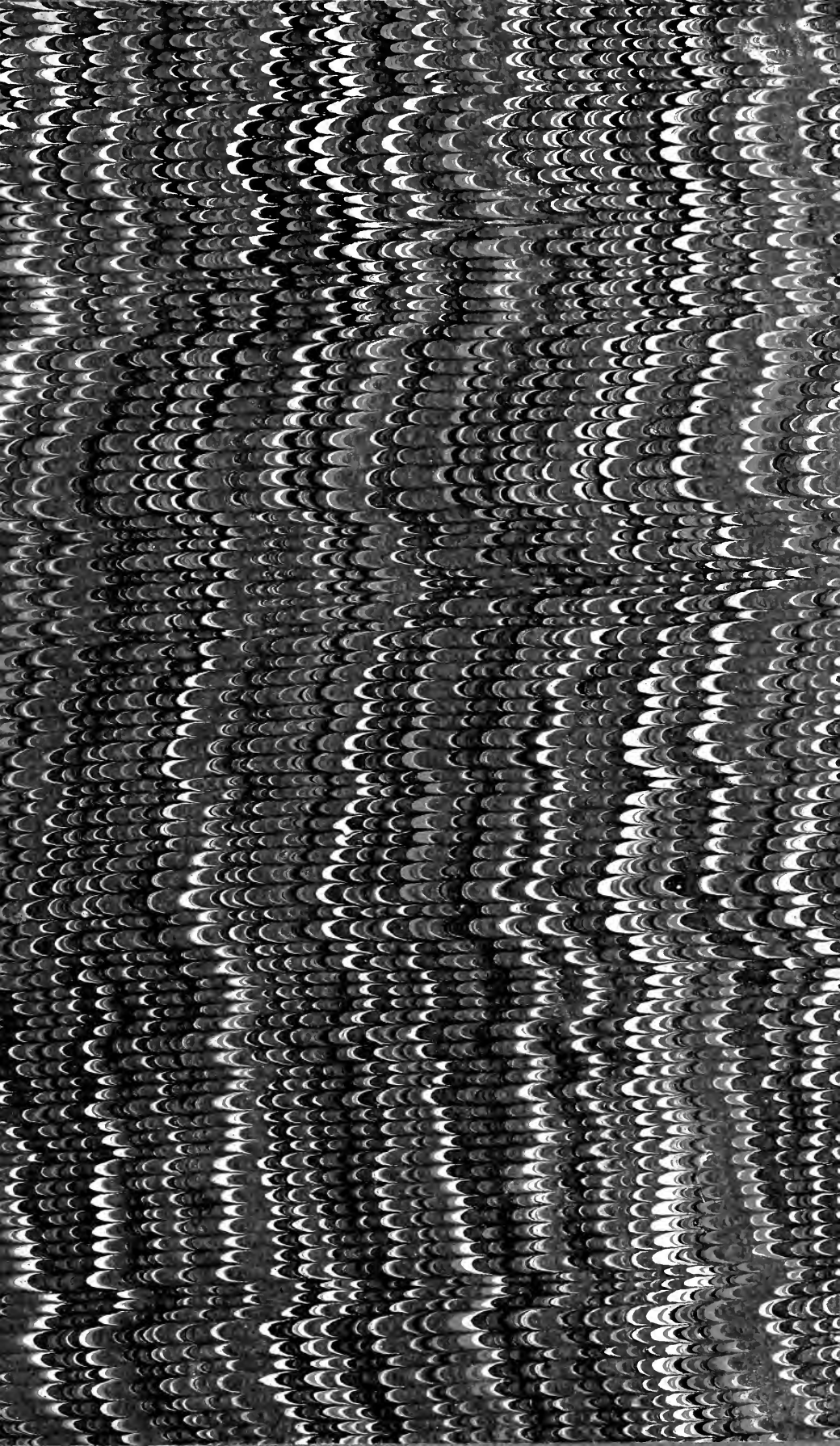


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